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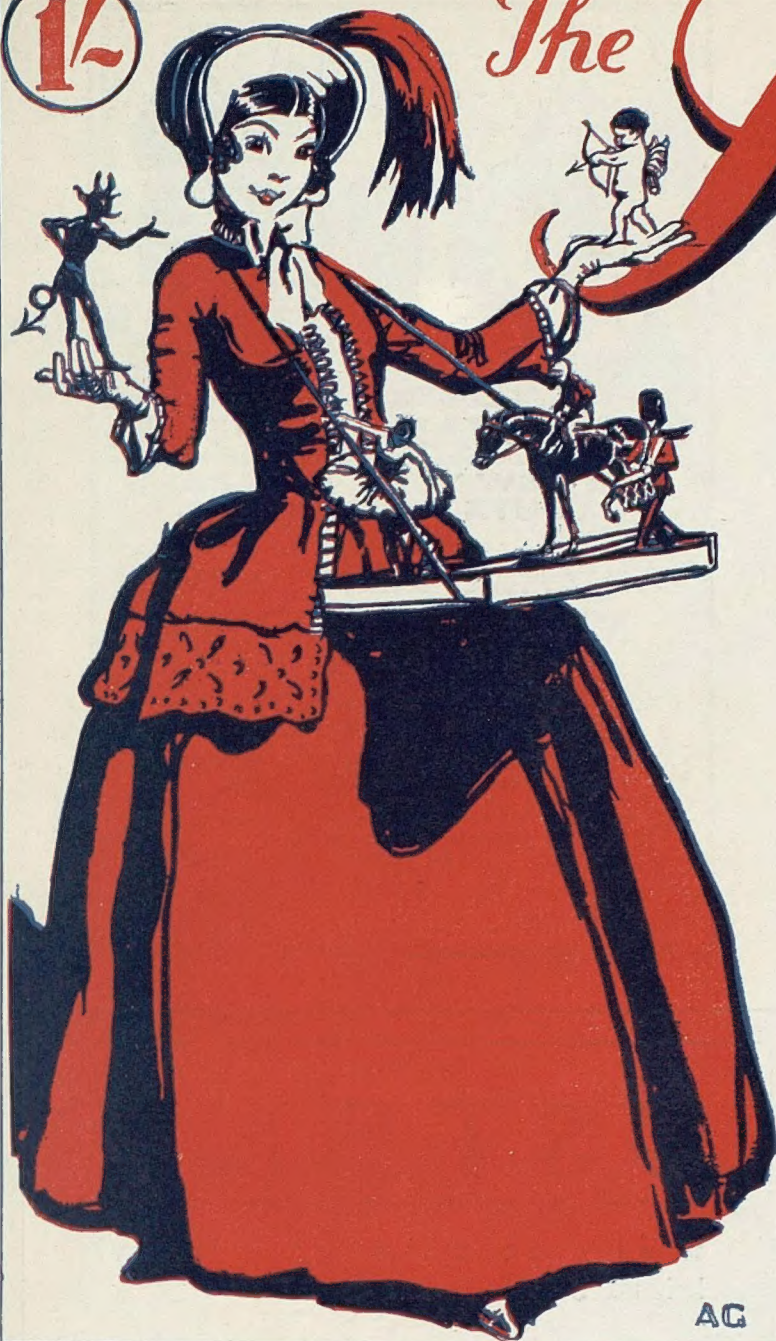
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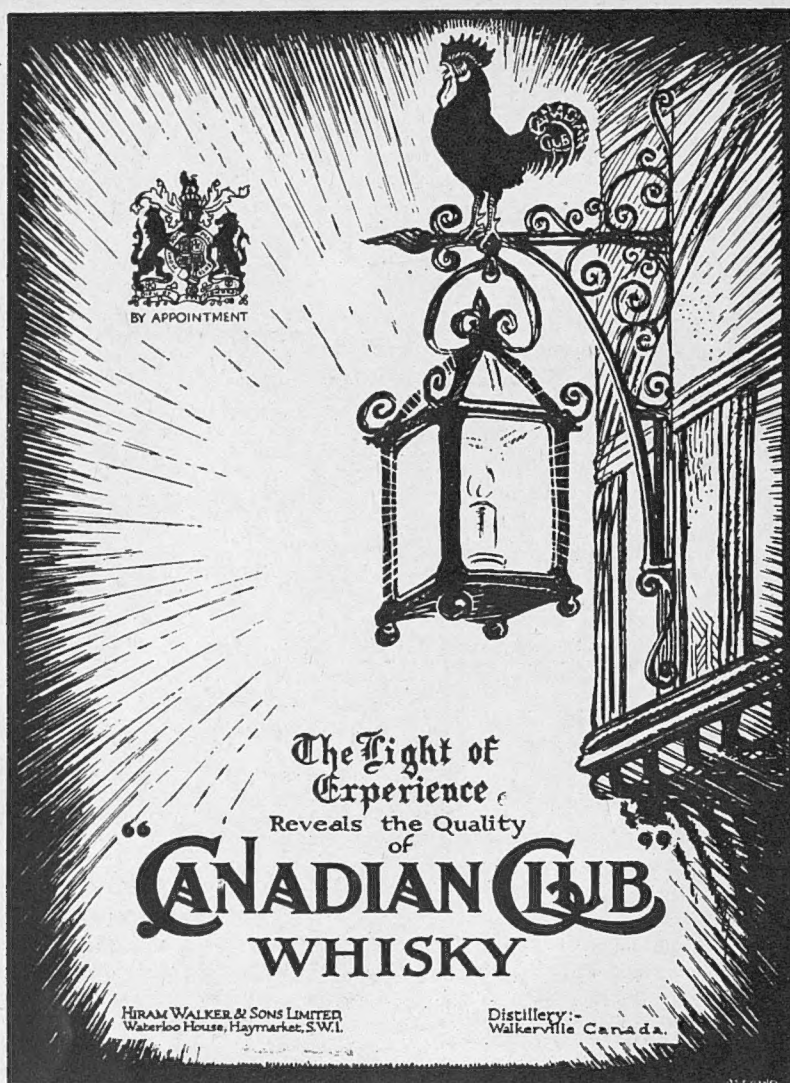
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Photo. by Bertram Park.

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No. 1647—Vol. CXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



IN HER WHITE MANTILLA: RAQUEL MELLER, THE STAR OF "VIOLETES IMPÉRIALES."

Mlle. Raquel Meller, the lovely Spanish singer, actress, and film star, is featured in the new picture, "Violettes Impériales," now running at the Scala. She is due to leave for America, to appear in the Continental revue, "Rue de la Paix," on Oct. 18, but, before she sails, she will be seen on

the English stage in a remarkable production which Mr. C. B. Cochran is arranging. The programme will include two short operas—one by Mozart, and the other by a distinguished modern composer—and a Stravinsky ballet, and the entertainment will be an important artistic event.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND. - "

TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT THE OYSTER.

THERE is rather grave news, I am sorry to say, about the oyster.

Personally, I do not eat oysters. But this does not prevent me from sympathising with the oyster when he is in trouble.

After all, the oyster is not a joke. He may look slightly ridiculous when the top half of his house has been removed with a knife, but so would you. And if, instead of sympathising with you in your great distress, some neighbour came along and doused you with vinegar and sprinkled you with red pepper, the heavens would be rent with your lamentations.

Not so the oyster. He remains calm, quiet, and dignified to the last.

There is a very fine lesson to be learnt from the conduct of the oyster.

The oyster is no gad-about. When he is young, he drifts with the current. He does not swim. To be exact, he cannot. So he just drifts, and waits until his shell grows, and then catches on to something hard.

Once he has found a home, he never moves again. Quarter Day has no significance for the oyster. March 25, June 24, Sept. 29, and Dec. 25 have no place in his calendar. The only day in the year from which the oyster shrinks—and then so slightly that you would never notice it—is the First of September.

On the First of September, as you are aware, the "r" returns from his sojourn abroad. The oyster intensely dislikes all the "r" family. During May, June, July, and August he is almost happy. From the First of September to the thirtieth of April he is never sure. During those eight months, any day may find him on the loose, and the oyster, unlike man, never voluntarily goes on the loose.

By a paradox, he prefers being tight.

The oyster and the partridge never meet in life, and yet their fates are strangely intertwined.

Both appear on the *menu* on the same day—the First of September.

On the First of September the waiter says, "What would you like, Sir?"

And you reply, quite mechanically, "Oh, I think I'll have a dozen oysters and a partridge." And you do.

The day before, if you are lucky, your oysters were lying placidly on their beds at

the bottom of the ocean, and your partridge was happily passing himself off as a clod of earth. They were totally unaware of each other's existence. A few hours pass, and they have joined the same club. Almost a tragedy in a small way.

Well, and what is the matter with the oyster this year? That is your chief concern. You don't care a rap whether the oyster and the partridge know each other or not. To your mind, that is all sentimental piffle. You are a practical man (or woman) and all you care about is whether you can have your customary tuck-in at oysters on the First of September, the very moment the first "r" arrives back from the Continent.

being always ready to put him in your place.

You attribute all your present troubles to the Great War. Perhaps you are right, but you were not the only person to suffer during the Great War. The oyster also suffered.

The oyster family, in general—I am speaking now of the English oyster, not that tremendous, husky fellow on the other side of the Atlantic who has to be served up with a knife and fork, and even then puts up a very gallant fight for existence.

(Let us start again, the weather being altogether too hot for a sustained parenthesis to stand any chance of success.)

The oyster family, in general, was pretty nearly decimated by the Great War. They were not eaten in very large numbers, but the mine-sweepers played havoc with the oyster-beds.

I have told you that the oyster likes to keep very quiet and warm. During the Great War he was often warm enough, but he was far from quiet. The "r" family, for all he knew to the contrary, had plunged to the bottom of the ocean instead of going away for the summer, and, armed with enormous prongs, were hoicking oysters out of bed by the million, and scattering them far and wide in entirely unsuitable places.

This went on for six years. For you, the Great War meant four years and a bit, but don't forget that mine-sweeping had to be continued long after the Armistice.

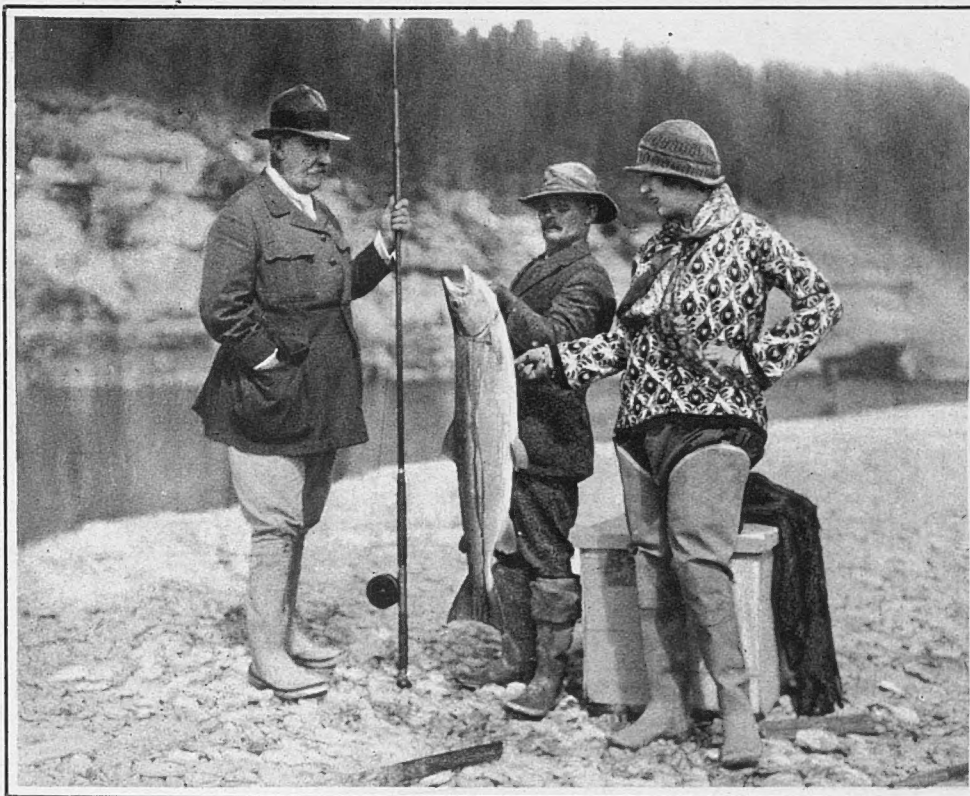
The oyster is not likely to forget it. Depth-charges may have ceased on Nov. 11, 1918, but war on oysters continued for another two years. You can't remain a placid oyster

under such terrible conditions.

The oysters, I daresay, hit back, but what has an oyster got to hit with? Why, the poor fellow has only one muscle, whereas nearly all the other bivalves have two. And the oyster needs that one muscle for diplomatic purposes. In other words, he uses it to keep his mouth shut.

Oh, dear, no. He is no fighter. He just lies on his back, grows his beard, and takes in nourishment. A harmless life, if ever there was one.

It is to be fervently hoped that the English and American oysters will never get to grips. But that is quite a different field for speculation.



AN ATTRACTIVE "SPORTS COSTUME" FROM ANTICOSTI: MME. GEORGES MENIER, M. MARTIN ZÉDÉ, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND, AND A SALMON CAUGHT IN THE JUPITER.

Anticosti, the little island in the mouth of the St. Lawrence, was originally colonised through the private efforts of MM. Gaston and Henri Menier, who in 1895 purchased it. Anticosti is governed by M. Martin Zédé, and is a wonderful little paradise of sport. Our snapshot shows a salmon caught in the Jupiter, and illustrates the fact that sporting fashions in Anticosti are very "chic," and that Fair Isle jerseys, coster handkerchiefs, and all the latest novelties are worn there.

That all depends. There will, without a doubt, be oysters on the *menu* on the First, but not so many as usual on the cold slab. So you will find them expensive.

The fact is, oysters have been having rather a poor time this year. The oyster likes warm and tranquil weather. Has he had it? Be fair, now. Has he had the sort of weather he likes, the sort of weather in which a chap can stick to his rock and grow his beard in comfort, or has he been knocked about by thunder and lightning and deluges of rain?

You can't expect the oyster to be *always* fat and jolly. You must try sometimes to put yourself in his place, instead of

An Ayrshire Shoot: Lord Glasgow's Party at Kelburn.



WAITING FOR THEM TO COME OVER: MAJOR C. JARVIS.



IN HIS BUTT AT LORD GLASGOW'S SHOOT: MR. COCHRANE PATRICK.



ONE OF THE GUNS AT KELBURN: LORD LESLIE.



THE BROTHER OF THE EARL OF GLASGOW: THE HON. ALAN BOYLE.

The Earl of Glasgow, D.S.O., entertained a party at Kelburn Castle for the Twelfth, his guests including his younger brother, the Hon. Alan Boyle; Lord Leslie, the son of the Earl of Rothes; and several others. Lord Glasgow, who is the eighth Earl, married

[Continued opposite.]



A FAMILY PARTY AT KELBURN CASTLE: A GROUP INCLUDING THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF GLASGOW, LORD KELBURN, AND THE LADIES GRIZEL, MARGARET, AND HERSEY BOYLE.

[Continued.]

Miss Hyacinth Mary Bell, and has two sons—Lord Kelburn, born in 1910, and the Hon. Patrick Boyle, born in 1917; and three daughters, of whom Lady Grizel Boyle was born in 1913, Lady Hersey in 1914, and Lady Margaret in 1920.

Photographs by P.P.P.

WALKING UP THE GROUSE, RABBIT-SHOOTING,



ON THE HILL AT CROSCRAIG: MR. DRYSDALE KILBURN.



OUT RABBIT-SHOOTING: SOME OF THE PARTY AT CROSCRAIG.



SHOOTING OVER DOGS: MR. DRYSDALE KILBURN AND MR. C. M. KNIGHT.



A FEMINE GUN: MRS. DRYSDALE KILBURN.



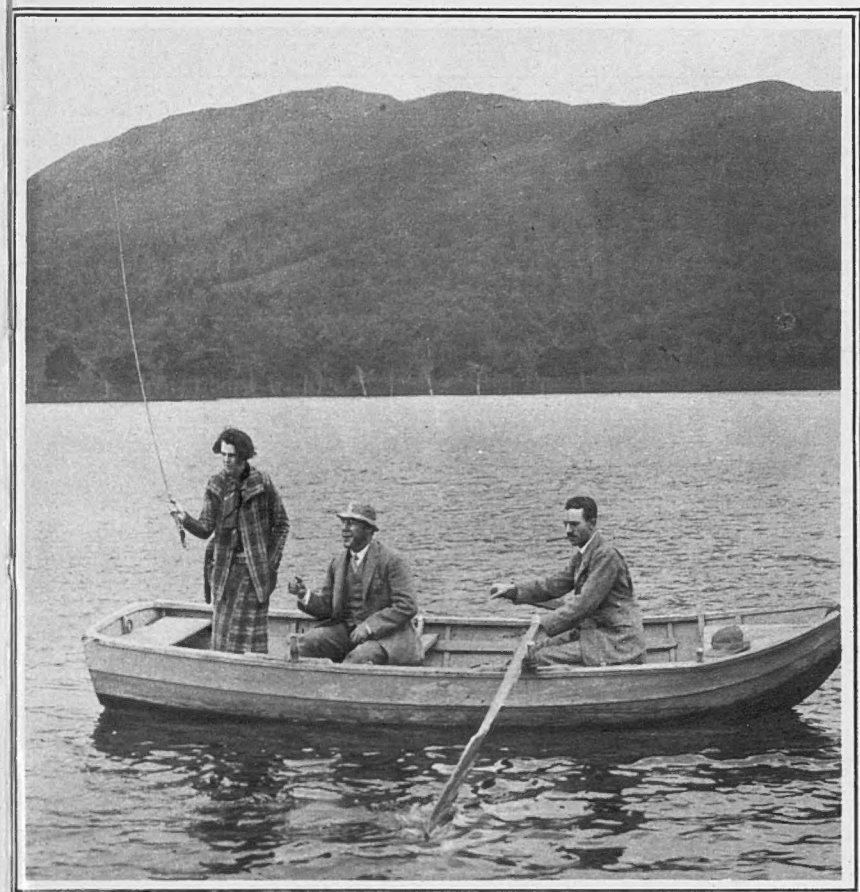
WALKING THE MOOR WITH DOGS: MR. DRYSDALE KILBURN AND MR. C. M. KNIGHT.



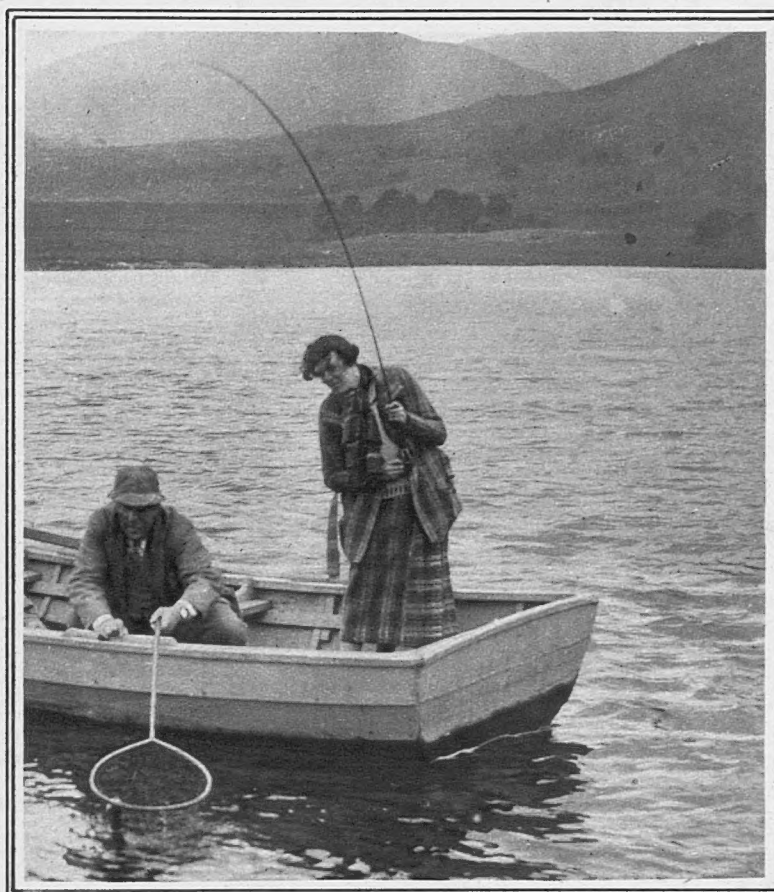
WITH THE FIRST GROUSE ON THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH: MR. DRYSDALE KILBURN.

Our pages of photographs, taken at Croscraig, Rannoch, Perthshire, where Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale Kilburn have been entertaining a party for the opening of the shooting season, illustrate the varied delights of sport in Scotland in August, which include grouse-shooting over dogs, rabbit-shooting, and fishing for trout in the loch. Shooting over dogs may not bring in so large a bag as grouse-driving, but seeing the dogs work adds a special pleasure to this form of sport, and a lot of fun may be obtained with a good day's rabbit-shooting, while the trout-fishing on

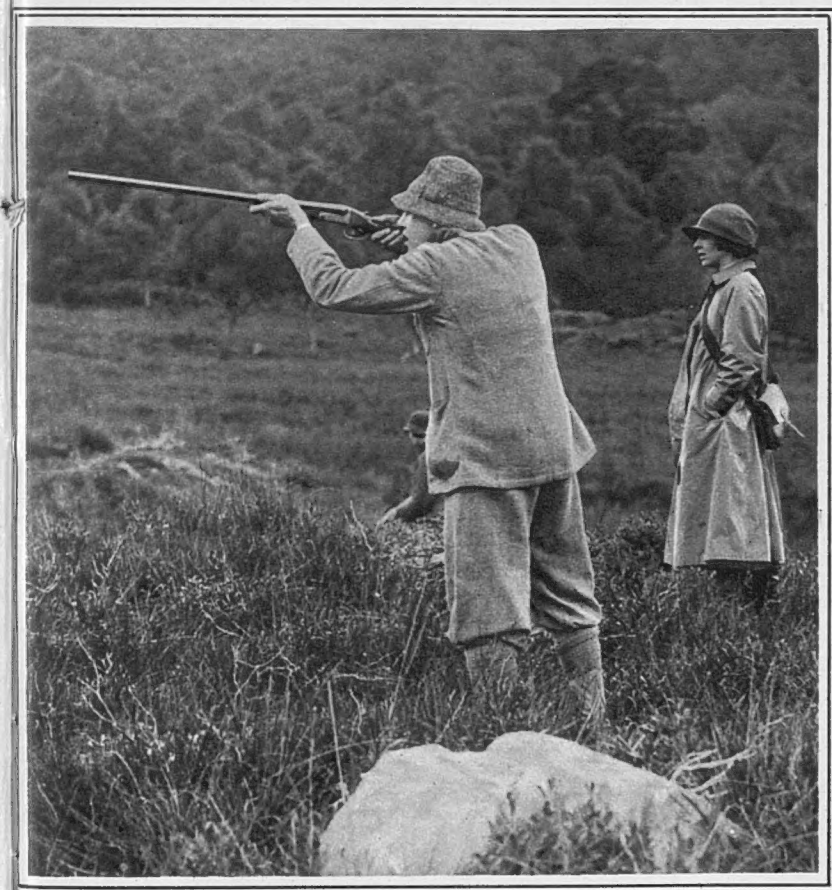
AND FISHING: VARIED SPORT IN PERTHSHIRE.



ON THE LOCH: MRS. GORMAN FISHING FOR TROUT.



LANDING A FISH: MRS. GORMAN ON THE LOCH.



WITH HIS WIFE: CAPTAIN ECKERSBY IN ACTION.



TWO SPORTSWOMEN: MRS. GORMAN WITH THE GUN, AND MRS. DRYSDALE KILBURN.

a Scottish loch appeals to every angler. Mrs. Drysdale Kilburn is one of the comparatively few women who shoot; and Mrs. Gorman, who was also a member of the party, is a keen sportswoman, who is shown in one of our snapshots landing a trout. Rannoch is one of the most beautiful parts of Scotland, and our pictures illustrate the beauty of the country very well, although, of course, the glorious colour of the heather must be imagined.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

WHO, I wonder, is spending August to best advantage? It's a month which offers such a wide choice of social and sporting adventure that it's not easy to know whether one has really selected the most amusing things to do. In Scotland one may pine for Biarritz, sun-lit Venice, or frivolous Deauville, or merely think with envy of those who are spending peaceful days in

in the Grecian Isles, she and the Duke are expected at Dunrobin, where they will have a number of friends staying with them, including Lord and Lady Londonderry.

Dunrobin is a heavenly place, right up in Sutherlandshire, in that glorious open country of moor, mountain and sea which

looks divinely beautiful when the sun shines, and has an almost equal fascination when storms are brewing, and dark clouds and sudden squalls change the colour of the landscape in a moment's space. I expect that the ducal party will play some golf as well as enjoy the shooting and fishing, for Dornoch is quite near Dunrobin, and so is the fascinating little Brora course, with its fearsome natural sand bunkers, and its population of Highland cattle, with their well-known unnatural passion for a diet of golf balls.

Lord and Lady Londonderry, by the way, are going into residence at Choir Lodge, on the banks of Loch Choir, which Lord Londonderry has taken for the season, this being the first time that he and Lady Londonderry have entertained in the Scottish Highlands. They are also due for a visit to Lord and Lady Chaplin at Uppat House, Brora, and will probably be there before going to Dunrobin.

I, however, am at Deauville, where the weather has been very kind this season. If it had not, Deauville, no doubt, would have been deserted indeed, for people will only put up with the pitch of expensiveness which things reach here when they can bask in the sun,

wear pretty clothes, and generally enjoy the picture of the gay little toy town with its sense of unreality enhanced by all the strange figures from every land under the sun.

The first Sunday race-meeting took place in radiant sunshine. Everyone was disappointed that Lord Derby did not win the first race. It quite looked as if Voie Lactée was going to get there, and then, at the last minute, M. Barachin's Miquette beat her by a head. Lord and Lady Stanley and Captain and Lady Victoria Bullock were there to watch the Derby colours. I also saw Captain and Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford, the Comte and Comtesse de la Maza, and Mr. and Mrs. Berry Wall, the former being famous as the Beau Brummell of New York—what a surprising combination of terms it sounds!—before he took up his residence in Europe some twenty years ago. He is now a well-known figure at every important race-meeting on this side of the "herring pond," and he and his wife are extremely popular in Paris, where they entertain lavishly.

There is something charmingly informal and country garden-party-ish about the racing at Deauville, with the men all in flannels, and the women in the simpler kind of summer frocks. Of course, some of the notorieties put on the most elaborate dresses for the

benefit of the photographers; but this year there is nothing really startling in styles to be seen. Rather an early-British note was struck by the pretty girl who wore a wide belt of leopard-skin round her simple white frock, though!

Everyone, by the way, is wearing blue this year, both for daytime and evening, and very pretty it looks on fair women.

There was a very exciting finish to the final match for the Coupe de Gramont at the Polo Club, after the races. After an extremely fast game, the cup was won by the side including Mr. Herbert Pulitzer, M. G. de Parada, Lord Wodehouse, and Major Philip Magor, against Baron Schroeder, Marquis de Villa-Bragima, the Duke of Peñaranda, and Comte de la Maza. It was a magnificent game, and quite equal to some that were played in the Olympic competitions; and the sides were well matched, the handicap working out so that the winners conceded half-a-goal to the losers.

All the well-known people in Deauville seemed to be having tea and watching the match. The Duchesse Decazes, with her small boys, was in a party with the Duchesse de Guiche.



1. Angela's conducted party is now "doing" the Alpine holiday resorts. Unhappily, Mr. Moral-Midlande has become entangled with the wicked Mademoiselle Vivi Vitesse. Mrs. Moral-Midlande is terribly alarmed, and has suggested that Angela should arrange something to distract his mind. Angela arranges a treasure-hunt.

English gardens, or enjoying cures combined with the pleasures of a little gaming at some Continental spa.

Some people, of course, are not faced with the difficult problem of making a choice; for even in these emancipated days, there are quite a number of women who must spend August at the side of a lord and master, sitting with him in his butt, and seeing that no one else gets the credit of shooting any of the birds which have fallen to his gun. Scottish shooting parties have their charm—for all that the men are just a wee thing dull in the evenings after a long day on the hill; but even with this disadvantage I sometimes think I should like to exchange the hectic delights of Deauville for one of those perfect evenings when, after a huge and comforting tea of scones, honey, cookies, and other fattening delicacies, one steps out to finish up a day on the hill by an attempt to catch a trout in the loch, and so prove that, though one isn't a man with a gun, a woman with a rod may add her bit to the larder by providing a bit of fish for breakfast.

The Duchess of Sutherland is one of those who have arranged a wonderfully well contrasted programme for August and September, for when she comes back from her yachting trip with Lord and Lady Beatty



2. Mr. Moral-Midlande kindly provides the prize—a beautiful pearl necklace. "Love pearls," says Vivi. Unfortunately for Angela's plan, Mr. Moral-Midlande and Vivi go out at dead of night to secrete the prize on a not too distant mountain-side. They both have beautiful climbing clothes, and admire each other more and more.

Mme. de Landa y Escandon and her husband were with the Baron de Styrcea and M. and Mme. Philippe de Yturbe. Colonel and Mrs. Buzzard had brought their very pretty young cousin, Princess Schaleykoff. Mrs. Buzzard is one of the talented Russians who have made a success in the dressmaking world in Paris. Lady Wodehouse was looking very pretty in a white frock with one of the new wide belts and a large bow in pink woven into the dress. Master John has not come to partake of the hectic delights of Deauville, but is enjoying the simpler life by the sea

her winnings, so no doubt it will all slip away again. By the way, gamblers get their hotel bills presented every two days, I am told. A very wise precaution on the part of the hotel managers, for those extras do mount up so that at the end of the week they make quite a considerable sum, and a player out of luck might decide that the game was not worth the candle, and pack up and go away to saner spheres.

London is, of course, officially "deserted" at the moment, but I hear from a friend "marooned" in town that she is enjoying herself quite satisfactorily. "I have seen quite a lot of well-known people about, too, lately," she writes. "The other night Colonel and Mme. Balsan were dining at the Ritz, where they have been staying recently, and had Lord Ivor Churchill with them. Mme. Balsan wore a wonderful dress which accentuated her tall elegance very satisfactorily. It was a creation in black and white—you know those magpie dresses are always either 'creations,' or 'failures.' There is no halfway effect with black and white, and this one was emphatically a 'creation.' It was dead black with a white front panel to the bodice—a kind of soft shirt-front which slipped away to one side into a trail of white down the skirt, and ended its career as a tiny little fish-tail train at one side.

"Then," continues my London correspondent, "if one feels dull there is always the Piccadilly Hotel, where the revels during dinner and afterwards in the ball-room are quite an excellent show. I looked in the other evening and found quite a number of people there—though there were a good many of the horn-rimmed 'specs' and specially smooth shingles which suggest the American visitor rather than the Londoner born.

"The Piccadilly Cabaret is one of the best shows I have been to in town, and provides, among other entertainments, Willy Woltard, who can toss two apples in the air while he munches at a third, and then let the tiny core join in his airy juggling. He also does funny things with hats, a handkerchief, and plates, with an enchanting air of bored detachment.

"The dancers, Robert Sielle and Annette Mills, give a burlesque Russian number in the ball-room revels, and manage to induce the audience to beat the time with hand-claps—quite an achievement on a hot August night. Miss Mills has a good frock to dance in—it has the usual 'swimming suit' bodice in shiny silver and pink, and an amusing kirtle of sea-green billowing chiffon set on with a ruche from a low waist-line. She is a pretty, slender blonde, but captures quite a Muscovite look when she slips on a *kakoshnik*—as the high Russian head-dress is called—and 'takes off' the energetic Russian steps.

"Then there was the Ambassadors' *première* of 'Storm,' at which there were quite a sprinkling of 'well-knowns' in the stalls. Miss Tennyson Jesse—or rather, Mrs. H. M. Harwood—was looking very well in a pink

brocaded dress; and Miss Mary Grey (Mrs. Fagan), Mrs. George Pinckard, the Hon. Mrs. Barry Bingham, and other keen first-nighters were to be seen. How proud Countess Landi must have been of her daughter, Miss Elissa Landi, who made her first appearance on a London stage. She is a perfectly beautiful girl, and acts with brilliance, and sympathy. As the turbulent young mistress of the vocalist she was simply bewitching, and her red travelling costume, with its rather voluminous coat and tricorne hat, was one of a series of attractive dresses."

I hear from Ryde that Regatta Week there was highly interesting from the yachting point of view, and well attended. The three days' racing was the excuse for a lot of entertaining at the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, where the Commodore had dinners and many individual members gave parties. Yachtswomen were well to the fore. Miss Jeanie Cochrane and Miss Susan Dudley-Ryder did not have much luck with their *Red Wing*, which they sail themselves, until the last day, when they won from Mrs. Hugh Collins's *Fortune*, by a few inches, after a most exciting finish. Family parties racing were even more popular at Ryde than at Cowes. Sir William Burton, in *Noresca*, had Lady Burton with him; and Mr. Austin O'Connor took his wife and family of three daughters and young son. The O'Connor girls, who are a trio of "lookers," as the Americans say, are good yachtswomen, able to handle the rigging, as quite a number of women are nowadays. Mrs. Cyril Potter, for instance sailed alone one day at Ryde in her small yacht *Arrow*; and the Hon. Mrs. Westenra and Mrs. Cecil Brownlow also handled boats in this class. Miss C. Methuen won a first prize with her *Guthrie*, and was cheered by the other competitors on finishing. One of the many spectators at Ryde Pier on the special platform was Lady Keeble, in a buff-coloured woollen costume and felt hat. She was, of course, Miss Lillah McCarthy.—MARIEGOLD.



3. Vivi slips out at dawn and removes the prize. She wants to make really quite sure of getting it. She does not bother to wear her beautiful climbing clothes when she is alone.

in England with his nurse. Marquis Boni de Castellane came with his famous French bulldog, which seldom leaves him. All the members of the de Rothschild family in Deauville were there, including Baronne Edouard, who looked lovely in a white gown trimmed with palest green, and a large shady hat.

All the pretty women are having their portraits painted by Mr. W. B. Jemmett, who manages to find time to put in a lot of hard work even at this pleasure-mad resort. Rather difficult he finds it, however, to track down his fair sitters after a night of bad luck at the Casino. He says it spoils the expression (to say nothing of the temper), and an artist's lot is not a happy one at Deauville! Sem is better off, because he makes all those clever little sketches which finally appear in the form of finished and mordant caricatures, unbeknownst to his victims. They may console themselves, however, by the reflection that to be depicted by Sem, even in the most unflattering manner, means a certain amount of celebrity.

Gambling stories are more exciting than the play. Everybody tells how the motoring magnate made half-a-million francs in a quarter of an hour; and once you get outside the Casino the sum has stretched into a million or two. It is true that one lady, who finds *chemin de fer* more amusing than anything else in life, had lost her last penny, but borrowed a couple of thousand francs and started again, winning three thousand and eighty francs that same evening. She had not the strength of mind to go away with



4. So that when Miss Daisy Moral-Midlande, who helped to arrange the "clues," came upon the prize, it was no pearl necklace that she found, but a silver pencil-case marked "75 centimes." It is all very strange. But Mrs. Moral-Midlande does not mind about it much, as Mademoiselle Vivi Vitresse has been suddenly called away and has left the hotel altogether.

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. GROUSE: LORD LONSDALE'S



MOVING OFF AFTER LUNCH: THE HON. FRANCIS EGERTON
AND THE EARL OF MAR AND KELLIE.



OFF TO THE BUTTS: THE PARTY BEGIN THEIR WALK



DISCUSSING THE DAY'S SPORT: LADY HAMILTON
OF DALZELL AND THE EARL OF LONSDALE.



ONE OF THE GUNS: MR. ANTHONY LOWTHER,
A NEPHEW OF LORD LONSDALE.



LUNCH AT THE BLACK DUB: LORD HAMILTON OF DALZELL,
THE COUNTESS OF MAR AND KELLIE,

The Earl of Lonsdale—one of our most famous sporting peers—as usual, entertained a party of guests for the opening of the shooting season, and shot over Crosby Ravensworth Fell, Westmorland. The Black Dub, where the party lunched on the first day of the shoot, is where Charles II. and his army refreshed themselves in 1657. The Hon. Francis Egerton is a brother of the Earl of Ellesmere; the Earl of Mar and Kellie is the twelfth Earl

SHOOT OVER CROSBY RAVENSWORTH FELL.



TO THE SCENE OF THE FIRST DRIVE AFTER LUNCH.



WAITING FOR THE DRIVE TO BEGIN: SIR WILLIAM
AND LADY NOREEN BASS.



THE EARL OF CARNARVON, THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON,
AND LADY HAMILTON OF DALZELL.



WITH HIS HEAD KEEPER, SAM ROBINSON:
THE EARL OF LONSDALE.



A FEMININE GUN: THE COUNTESS
OF MAR AND KELLIE.

of Mar and fourteenth of Kellie, and his wife is a daughter of the eighth Earl of Shaftesbury. Lady Noreen Bass is the daughter of the thirteenth Earl of Huntingdon, and the wife of Sir William Bass, second Baronet. Mr. Anthony Lowther is the son of the Hon. Lancelot Lowther, Lord Lonsdale's only brother. The Earl of Carnarvon is the son of the discoverer of Tutankhamen's tomb, and his wife was formerly Miss Catherine Wendell.

The Glorious Twelfth on a Northumbrian Moor.



AFTER LUNCH ON BLANCHLAND MOOR: A GROUP OF COLONEL W. FABER'S PARTY.



IN ACTION: COLONEL W. FABER IN HIS BUTT.



THE GATHERING OF THE SPORTSMEN: THE "MEET" ON BLANCHLAND MOOR.



ONE OF THE GUNS: SIR ARTHUR HAZLERIGG.



SORTING OVER THE MORNING'S BAG: THE TALLY BEFORE LUNCH.



MRS. FABER, MRS. MIDDLETON, MRS. MASON, AND MASTER RONALD MASON, (LEFT TO RIGHT).

Lieutenant-Colonel W. Faber entertained a party for the opening of the grouse-shooting season, and shot over Blanchland Moor, near Blanchland,

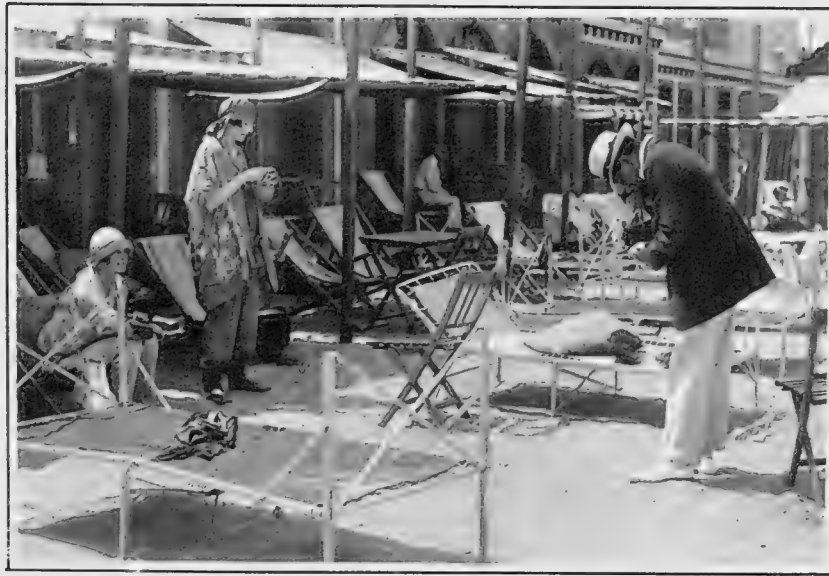
Shotley Bridge, Northumberland. Sir Arthur Hazlerigg is the thirteenth Baronet, of Noseley Hall, Leicestershire.

Photographs by S. and G.

Society on the Lido: The Lure of Sun-Lit Venice.



ARMED WITH HER CUSHION:
COUNTRESS BEATTY.



GOOD SHOOTING WITH THE CAMERA: ADMIRAL EARL BEATTY SNAPS
LADY EDNAM AND THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND (R.).



CARRYING HIS "BEACH BAG":
ADMIRAL EARL BEATTY.



READY TO LAZE IN SEA OR ON SAND: COUNTRESS BEATTY, THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, AND LADY EDNAM (L. TO R.).

The lure of Venice in August and September has been attracting some distinguished people, and Earl Beatty, who has been cruising in his yacht, recently paid a visit to the City of the Sea, where our photographer snapped him on the Lido, the fashionable bathing "plage." The Duchess of Sutherland and her sister-in-law, Lady Ednam, the wife

of the eldest son of the Earl of Dudley, are shown with Earl and Countess Beatty, in very attractive seaside negligés, the Russian boots worn by the Duchess for strolling on the sand being worthy of special notice; while Earl Beatty's compact little "beach bag" for his bathing-suit and other impedimenta looks remarkably well packed.

Photographs by Farrington Photo Co.



The Sea Rodeo.

There are people who call Frinton-on-Sea the English Deauville — a miniature edition, perhaps, but with much of the note of elegance that the name Deauville has come to signify. They have been having a children's lawn-tennis tournament at Frinton, and, as someone put it to me, "It was delightful to see children so well bred and so well behaved, because in a recent tournament for grown-ups, that included many well-known players, there was a much-talked-of display of ill-temper and not too good manners."

Miss Gladys Cooper gave away the prizes. Her small son John got a prize as one of the two youngest players, and I was glad to learn that every competitor received a box of chocolates. It was quite a test, for the players had to succeed in at least eight matches before getting any distance in the competition.

As for boxing contests in the open air, it struck me that none of the encounters we saw that Saturday afternoon had the whip and electric intensity of fights that have been seen at the Albert Hall, at Olympia, and the National Sporting Club. For one thing, in a vast arena like the Stadium there is too much to attract the attention from the actual

tell me that this is always the case just after a spill, and that, unless one suffers in this way the first ride after the accident, it takes a long time before one can feel safe and confident while motoring.

What the Crowd Said.

The crowd round the ring-side got restive over the long delay in Gibbons's corner. First Gibbons tested the ropes, and there followed calls for a spanner to tighten them up. Then the American began slowly to wind the bandages round his hands. It was nearly a quarter of an hour before his seconds proceeded to thrust the gloves upon his fists, and all this time Bloomfield, who had entered the ring with his hands already bandaged, sat waiting in his corner. His supporters sought to keep his mind occupied by shouting jocular remarks from the ring-side; while his seconds tried to prevent him from worrying by standing in front of him so that he could not see what was going on in the opposite corner.

**OUR £2000 COMPETITION:
THE OFFICIAL
ORDER OF MERIT.
SEE LIST ON PAGE XIII.**

fighting. It is more difficult to concentrate your full interest upon the ring; and the spectators in the far-away places must have felt as detached as do the people on shore who follow the yacht-racing at Cowes.



BUDDING LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONS AT FRINTON-ON-SEA: A GROUP OF COMPETITORS IN THE CHILDREN'S TOURNAMENT.

The Children's Lawn-Tennis Tournament at Frinton-on-Sea was not only a very pretty sight, but quite a good display of lawn-tennis skill. Our group shows the competitors, including a winner, John Buckmaster, the

son of Miss Gladys Cooper, photographs of whom appear elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Percy Bangs, the popular secretary of the Frinton Lawn-Tennis Club, may be seen with his megaphone in the centre. — [Photograph by C.P.P.]

Miss Cooper is so essentially the mother when she is down at Frinton. One evening I saw her with her children in the sea playing with one of the latest toys, a Rodeo steer—a ridiculous rubber animal, quite large, which defies anyone to sit upon it. As it is full of air, it is nearly impossible to mount this rubber steer, and anyone lucky enough to do that is pretty certain to be shot off just as if the thing had "bucked." It is most amusing to watch children and grown-ups trying to sit the wretched thing.

The Fight.

Some of the descriptive writers who spun out columns about the two-and-a-third round fight between Gibbons and Bloomfield spoke glowingly about the staging of the contest in the open air, and about battles of the past that had been fought out on green English turf. But there was very little green turf at the Stadium. The Rodeo and the Pageant performance had made that stretch of green bare, brown, and patched, and I am told it will cost something like £10,000 to restore it to the condition it was in when the Cup Final was played.

There is a good deal of sympathy with Major Arnold Wilson in the disappointment about the receipts, for Major Wilson in previous boxing tournaments has shown himself to be a capable organiser and a straightforward man. The talk of trouble about money matters before Gibbons and Bloomfield went into the ring has been rather exaggerated, although it is true that Mr. Harry Preston, who came to the fight with the Prince's Equerry, Captain Bruce Ogilvy and other well-known men, was asked into the dressing-rooms to assure Gibbons's manager that the claims would be met.

One member of Mr. Preston's party was Mr. Gilligan, the father of Mr. A. E. R. Gilligan, England's cricket captain. A few days before the fight Mr. Gilligan had had a trying experience motoring. He accepted a ride from a friend who inadvertently put his foot on the accelerator, and the car skidded and overturned. Neither occupant suffered more than an odd bruise or two, but Mr. Gilligan said that when, shortly afterwards, his son took him for a ride, his nerves for the first twenty miles or so were all askew. People who have been in motor accidents

There were shouts to Gibbons's seconds, "Aren't you going to put knee-pads on him to waste more time?" And one Cockney sally I heard was when a woman called out, "I hope Bloomfield wins." "So do I," called out someone else; "I have a shilling each way on him."

A German on the Prime Minister.

The most interesting remark I heard made by the German delegates came from one who was invited to luncheon in the Pall Mall Club. Some daring person asked what he thought of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He did not hesitate to reply. "He is an able, a wide-visioned man," he said. "A cultured man—and not at all a Socialist."

An Apt Description.

Sir Park Goff, who was a King's Messenger in the war, and for a while represented a mining constituency in the Conservative interest, seems to have got off one of the best-remembered speeches at the Olympic Games banquet in Paris. Referring to the Prince of Wales, he made most apt use of the Shakespearean quotation, "Your Royal grandfather doth live again in you."

Dog Studies and Dog Verses: No. VII.



[Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts.]

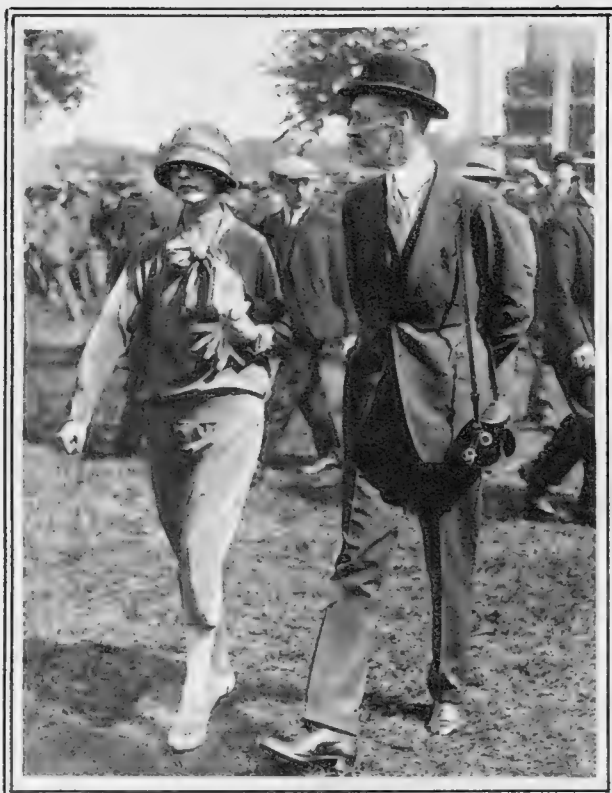
WHEN my lady goes a-walking in the woods at close of day
 The bunnies mark her footfall light and turn them from their play
 To gaze in brown-eyed wonder at the beauty of her face,
 Whilst goblins clear the brambles from the path that she will pace.

When my lady goes a-walking—from behind his curtain red
 The sun smiles down upon her ere he takes his way to bed;
 A robin in the tree-top sings a carol low and sweet,
 And the bracken wave a greeting and caress her tiny feet.

When my lady goes a-walking—ah! what lucky dogs are you
 Who saunter at my lady's side the summer evening through.
 If I might wander, too, with her beneath the sunset sky
 I should not envy Bran and Don—a lucky dog were I.

JOE WALKER.

POLO AT CIRENCESTER AND PLYMOUTH, RACING



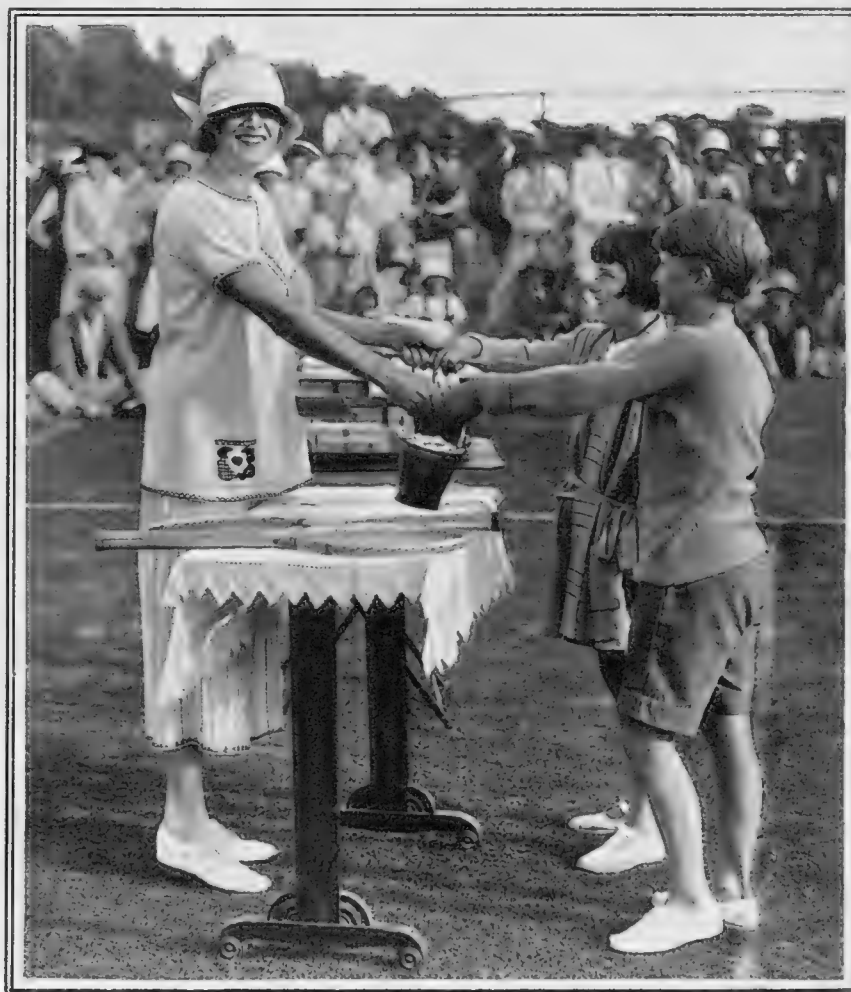
RACING AT NOTTINGHAM: THE HON. WILFRED AND MRS. EGERTON.



AT THE CIRENCESTER POLO WEEK: A GROUP INCLUDING MRS. T. A. SUTTON, MRS. REX SMART, MR. P. DENNIS, AND MISS FORSYTH-FORREST.



AT CIRENCESTER: CAPTAIN LORD APSLEY, D.S.O., M.C., M.P., AND LADY APSLEY.



MISS GLADYS COOPER PRESENTS THE PRIZE TO HER OWN SON: JOHN BUCKMASTER AND PAMELA HUNTER, AT FRINTON.

Our pages of snapshots from far and near register some of the early August occupations of Society.—The Hon. Wilfred Egerton, who is shown at Nottingham Races, is the youngest brother of the Earl of Ellesmere, and Lady Charles Bentinck is the wife of Lord Charles Bentinck, D.S.O., half-brother of the Duke of Portland.—Lady Louis Mountbatten presented the Mount Edgecumbe Cup to the Captain of the Atlantic Fleet polo team, which won the trophy, and of which Lord Louis is a member.—Cirencester Polo Week—the twenty-seventh annual tournament of the

AT NOTTINGHAM, AND A CHILDREN'S TOURNAMENT.



AT NOTTINGHAM: MRS. PAGE, LADY CHARLES BENTINCK, AND MR. DICK PAGE.



PRESENTING THE CUP TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET TEAM: LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AT PLYMOUTH.



THE SMILE OF VICTORY: JOHN BUCKMASTER AND HIS PARTNER, BETTY CRADDOCK, IN THE LAWN-TENNIS AT FRINTON.



WATCHING THE POLO AT CIRENCESTER: LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS, MRS. KINGSCOTE, AND MAJOR G. FIGOT-MOODIE.

Cirencester Polo Club, founded in 1894, drew a big crowd of spectators. Captain Lord Apsley is the elder son of Earl Bathurst. His marriage to Miss Viola Meeking took place recently.—Lady Blanche Douglas is the married daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, and was formerly Blanche Countess of St. Germans.—Miss Gladys Cooper presented the prizes at the Children's Lawn-Tennis Tournament at Frinton-on-Sea, and had the pleasure of handing a prize to her own small son, John Buckmaster, aged nine. Pamela Hunter, aged seven, was the youngest competitor.

At a Summer Social Playground: Deauville Pictures.



Watching the Gymkhana:
a group including Lady Victoria
Bullock & the Duchesse
Decazes.



At the
Gymkhana:
Lord & Lady Stanley
& the Duchess of Westminster.

A Gymkhana
competitor:
the Duchess of
Westminster.



In a "Zebra" jumper:
Mrs Dudley
Coats.



Wearing a fringed "Maori" gown:
Mlle. Alice Cocéa.



Capt. de Brath, Mr. Herbert Pulitzer, General de Crespigny and Mrs. Dudley Coats.

THE OUTDOOR DELIGHTS OF PLAGE AND POLO GROUND: WELL-KNOWN FOLKS AT A FAVOURITE RESORT.

Our snapshots from Deauville show the different pleasures which one may enjoy there. They include lazy mornings on the "plage," quiet promenades, and energetic exercise in such outdoor events as the recent gymkhana on the polo ground. Lord Stanley is the elder son of the Earl of Derby, and his wife is one of the daughters of the Hon. Lady Meux and the late Lord Chelsea. Mrs. Dudley Coats was

formerly Miss Audrey James, and Lady Victoria Bullock is the daughter of the Earl of Derby. The Duchess of Westminster, who was a gymkhana competitor, is a fine horsewoman. Mlle. Alice Cocéa is the well-known Parisian actress who is such a favourite in the French capital, and has made such a big success in vaudeville. She is a great leader of fashion.—[Photographs by L.N.A. and Keystone View Co.]

Hostess to Her Majesty This Week.



THE CHÂTELAINE OF ALNWICK, WHERE THE QUEEN IS VISITING: THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

The Duchess of Northumberland has twice acted as hostess to her Majesty during the last three weeks, as, during Goodwood, she assisted her father, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, to entertain their Majesties the King and Queen at Goodwood House, and this week she has the Queen visiting her at Alnwick Castle. Her Majesty was due to

arrive on Monday last, Aug. 18, and the party invited to meet her included the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Archbishop of York, the Duchess of Portland, and other distinguished people. The Duchess of Northumberland is the youngest daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.—[Photograph by Press Portrait Bureau.]



THE OLD FLAME.



By A. P. HERBERT.

Author of "The Man About Town," "The House by the River," "The Secret Bottle," etc.

IX.—A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT SLINGS.

"DAMN!" I said, and sneezed thirteen times.

At the seventh sneeze the brown squirrel dropped his nut, flashed along a bough, leapt into another tree and disappeared.

High up in the great oak-tree at the bottom of the Banburys' lawn there hangs a red silken hammock, some twenty feet from the ground. Below the tree is a kind of arbour, bounded on three sides by a high box-hedge which hides it from the house, and on the fourth by the water-lily pond, where gold-fish of a singular obesity and redness float languidly among the water-lilies, like Aldermen in Paradise.

From the hammock (which I believe to be unsafe, as it is certainly the worst possible place for hay-fever, because of the acacia-tree across the arbour) one can see above the hedge the old house and the rich green lawn, and, beyond, that leafy reach of the river which winds up towards Strand-on-the-Green. And here it is my delight to lie upon a hot Sunday afternoon (hay-fever or no), to feed the squirrels with nuts, to gaze through the leaves at tiny corners of blue sky, to compose the plots of many novels, to reject them all as hardly worth the labour of writing, to think great thoughts, and reflect upon the past.

At the moment, through the leaves, I could see (but unseen) Mr. Gordon Smith with Phyllis strolling on the lawn. I could also see from time to time Mrs. Banbury's face at an upper window, where she would glance at the two strollers, hover for a moment, and withdraw. I had no doubt that Mary Banbury was match-making again.

These things caused me to reflect upon the past. I reflected on the strange circumstances in which Phyllis and I had arrived at that house on Friday night—or rather, Saturday morning. It will be remembered—or, if it is not, I now inform you—that we left the Thames Dancing Club by boat at about one o'clock—my dear wife Angela, Phyllis, and myself. The night was fine, the moon shone, there was a light but rising breeze from the north-west—a soldier's wind—for a great part of the journey. We slipped away

merrily towards Westminster, rippling through the smooth, dark water, remote and lonely in the shiny twilight of mid-stream; the water might have been the water of an Italian lake, the lighted city on our right some ancient capital of the Indies. Westminster Bridge rose up before us, thrilling and tremendous, and the great tide swept us through, swishing awfully about the piers. The long black reaches of Lambeth and Vauxhall lay before us, inhospitable, lightless, but indubitably thrilling. And in my foolish mind I thought again, "Surely, surely, in such a scene these two dear excellent creatures may be drawn together and become dear one to another, as they are to me!"

I will not at length describe that voyage. I will not apportion blame. I will only confess again that I was foolish, and pass on as quickly as may be.

We did not speak often. Angela expressed the opinion that I should strike the central pier of Westminster Bridge if I did not alter course. Phyllis thought I had plenty of room to spare. She was right. Phyllis, a little later, admired the appearance of the Houses of Parliament. Angela thought they looked better by day. Angela at Lambeth remarked that it was growing chilly. Phyllis, on the other hand, was as warm as toast.

Sometimes I ventured to draw attention to a star, a shadow on the water, a factory against the sky, when both my companions eagerly assented that it was beautiful. Above me in the heavens I saw the twin stars of Castor and Pollux, the friends of the mariner; but as we passed into the Vauxhall Reach I felt that to-night they watched my bark with no protecting eyes—nay, nor Venus either.

Angela was right about the cold. A black fat cloud had covered the moon; the breeze had risen suddenly to a wind, as it does in these waters, and in Vauxhall Reach we found ourselves in a rough sea.

The *White Witch* sped on gallantly into the night. She is a "wet" boat, though noble, and off the biscuit works she plunged her nose into a great wave and flung a quantity of spray over my guests. And for all my care she did this again and again at varying

intervals from Vauxhall Reach to Chelsea Bridge.

Let us haste. During this half-hour we spoke less frequently still, and the conversation followed the general lines already indicated. It was Angela, I think, who first expressed the view that the whole expedition was ill-judged and rash; Phyllis, I fancy, who said that for such an adventure it was a small thing to become soaked to the skin in evening dress and a thin wrap. Up the long Chelsea Reach, however, both wind and wave increased, and at the bridge, where Mr. Smith was waiting in the car for Angela, I fancied that there was no longer any difference of opinion between them. And I expected them both to join Mr. Smith with alacrity. Angela, indeed, implored Phyllis to go with her, and they kissed each other several times, as those who understand each other. My object was gained, I felt; I had drawn them together.

But Phyllis, to the general astonishment and concern, obstinately refused to leave the boat. She would not be beaten, she said. She had put her hand to the plough. She would finish the journey. And it was so. So Mr. Smith and Angela drove away, not saying much.

The wind, as it happened, abated very soon, and we sailed without incident as far as Putney, where the wind fell, and a thin drizzle of a rain; and from there we took a tow from a friendly tug.

There was no more moon, nor any shadow of romance or sentiment. Phyllis spoke seldom, though then without reproach or hint of displeasure. But there was wrapped about her and about the boat a forgiving sweetness, a settled melancholy that was not wholly satisfactory. But she neither shivered nor so much as admitted she was wet.

So we came, at about 3 a.m., to the shores of Slings, at Mortlake.

And there in the summer-house sat Mr. Smith and Mrs. Banbury, waiting for us, and Mrs. Banbury with the well-known martyr's look of those who sit up through the night waiting for others.

"Thank God!" she murmured, kissing Phyllis. "I didn't know *what* to think!"

Continued on Page 369.

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"The Man who Stays"—in the Playhouse Tropics.



NOW MAKING A NEW BLACK VAMP TAKE HER OWN DOPE: MR. FRANKLIN DYALL IN "WHITE CARGO."

"White Cargo," the remarkable play of the "primitive, unvarnished life of the Tropics," at the Playhouse, reached its hundredth performance on Aug. 9. Miss Mary Clare, who created the role of Tondeleyo—the black vamp, who attempts to poison her white husband when she realises that marriage is a life contract, and is dosed with

her own medicine by Weston—has now left the cast to appear in "Pansy's Arabian Night," and Tondeleyo is played by Miss Dorie Sawyer. Mr. Franklin Dyall gives a fine performance as Weston, the hard-bitten Englishman who stays in the poisonous country of dry-rot—in contrast to those who go home as "white cargo."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



SOMEWHERE

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART

Camera Study by



IN ENGLAND.

A CHARMING SEASIDE STUDY.

Bertram. Park.

A Fair Descendant of Famous Irishmen.



DAUGHTER OF LORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE: THE HON. KATHLEEN BROWNE.

The Hon. Kathleen Marcia Browne is the only daughter of the third Baron Oranmore and Browne, and is a very charming and popular member of the younger set. She has two brothers—the Hon. Dominick Browne, whose engagement to Miss Mildred Egerton was recently announced; and the Hon. Geoffrey Browne, who is a schoolboy, now in his thirteenth year. Lord Oranmore and Browne is descended from

Sir David le Brun, who was a companion in arms of Richard de Burgh, the "Red" Earl of Ulster, from whom he obtained extensive grants of land in Connaught. He built the Castle of Carrabrowne, and died in 1302. The family has been prominent in Irish history throughout the centuries, and has counted distinguished soldiers and politicians among its sons.

Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.

Successful as Minx, Serpent, and Siren-Wife.



THE "HEROINE" OF "TIGER-CATS," AT THE GARRICK: MISS EDITH EVANS.

Miss Edith Evans is one of the most brilliant actresses on the English stage, and won considerable laurels for herself by her performance as Millamant in the recent production of Congreve's famous comedy, "The Way of the World," at the Lyric, Hammersmith, in which her rendering of the World's Greatest Minx rôle was admirable. She has also done very good work in Shaw plays, and was seen in "Heartbreak House" a year or two ago, and in the original production of "Back

to Methuselah," when she created the rôle of the Serpent. She is now to be seen in "Tiger-Cats," at the Garrick, in which she appears as the triumphant siren wife who goads her husband to attempted murder, and then brings him to her feet again. "Tiger-Cats," adapted by Michael Orme (Mrs. J. T. Grein) from the French of Mme. Karen Bramson, was originally produced in June at the Savoy, for a run of matinées only, and came to the Garrick last week.

Photograph by Yvonne Gregory.



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Continued.

"But why *ever* did you wait up?" said Phyllis, amazed. "You never have before."

"You never came home in a *boat* before," said Mary—as one might say, "You never came home in a bed before." "My poor dear! Why *didn't* you let Gordon drive you back?"

"We didn't know he was coming here," said Phyllis, with truth.

"Of course you didn't," said Mary archly. "I remember now. It was to be a 'surprise.'"

"A surprise for whom?" I murmured.

"The less *you* say, Mr. Moon, the better," said Mrs. Banbury.

Yes; there was little doubt that Mary had a new stratagem afoot.

And now, tired of sneezing, I closed my eyes and composed myself for sleep, for a man can do many things in his sleep, but it will be generally conceded that sneezing is not one of them.

I dreamed of I know not what, and I would not be so inconsiderate as to tell you, if I knew. I woke to the sound of a voice I knew—a man's voice, earnest, eloquent, emotional.

"I have loved you from the very first moment I saw you," said the man. "That day at Haverstock—do you remember?"

Mr. Smith's voice.

"I remember," said a girl's voice softly.

The voice of Phyllis.

When a gentleman, through no fault of his own, finds himself a witness at another man's proposal of marriage, there is only one thing a gentleman can do—sit still and pretend he is not there. Had it been the secret converse of two financiers I should, of course, have warned them of my presence; but I could hardly lean out of the hammock and cry, "Hi! Stop proposing! I'm listening." On the other hand, determined though I was to treat whatever I heard as confidential, I did not see why I should deny myself the melancholy entertainment of hearing more. I wriggled cautiously on to my stomach and peered down through the network at the head of the hammock.

Mr. Smith was sitting on the garden seat immediately below me, very close to Phyllis, who sat in a most uncharacteristic pose, with her chin on her breast. Mr. Smith held one of her hands in his, and I judged from his attitude that he did not know what to do with it.

"You wore that blue hat, I remember," he continued passionately. "We walked through the woods to Belling, and I thought then, as I have thought ever since—if there is one woman on God's earth to whom I was meant to join my life, that woman walks beside me."

Strange how the passion of love can inflame the duller of us beyond our natural powers. I had no idea that young Mr. Smith could so select and deliver his words.

Phyllis raised her lovely head and looked at him in the eyes. I know that look.

"Do you ask me to believe that?" she said gravely.

"There has never been anyone else," he answered, bravely meeting her gaze.

The dog! I thought. What about Jean Renton? What about Marigold? And what—ah!—what about that red-haired minx I've heard about?

I had a monkey-nut in one hand; for two pins I would have dropped it on the lad.

For Phyllis, it seemed, knew nought of these things.

"You make me very proud," she said gently. "But—"

I sighed. I had never before seen Phyllis quite so solemn. I had said so many beautiful things to her, and none of them that I could remember had made her very proud. No, I was not jealous. I simply sighed.

"Let there be no 'buts,'" cried the

boy, and now he seized both her hands and worked them up and down, as you may see men work the beer-handles in our houses of refreshment. "Oh, my dear, won't you put me out of my suspense? You are my hope, my dream; life has no other meaning for me but you. You are my first thought when I wake, my last before I sleep. I cannot face the years without you—tell me, tell me if there is any hope—"

I rubbed my eyes, scarce recognising this burning suitor.

Phyllis shook her head with an air of tragical doubt.

"Tell me, at least, if there is anyone else," said the youth.

"There is no one else," she said decidedly. and I felt that she was won at last.

Then she said casually, "I think you'd better kiss my hand now."

I rubbed my eyes again; this was a most extraordinary Phyllis.

"Right-o!" said her lover surprisingly.

"Where shall I begin?"

"You make me very proud," she said softly. "But—"

"Let there be no 'buts'!" cried Mr. Smith; and then at last the light broke on my bewildered and no doubt obtuse intelligence. The young things were acting. This was a rehearsal of Mrs. Banbury's mysterious "entertainment" for Sunday evening—or part of it. Also, no doubt, it was an ingenious part of Mrs. Banbury's match-making campaign. And I was not spying on an emotional scene at all.

You *may* think that I was disappointed by a bathos so profound. You wrong me. I was glad. Glad, of course, that my eavesdropping mattered so little. I mean no more.

And glad, I reflected, that Mrs. Banbury's little entertainment would not be a surprise for me, after all. I had a suspicion that it had been intended as a very particular surprise for me.

I felt the more sure of this as I watched the progress of the little play below me, which was now approaching its climax. The exact point of the drama I forget—if, indeed, I ever discovered it—but at a certain point it became necessary for Mr. Smith to put his arm round Phyllis and salute her with a stage kiss on the lips. The young man placed his face about nine inches from hers, and shyly laid a hand on her shoulder. I even saw his lips move; and if you have ever seen a stage kiss from immediately above you may understand just how ridiculous they looked.

But even then, and how much more that evening, when I sat with Mrs. Banbury in the stalls, I seemed to penetrate that busy mind; and I understood that that same genius which had selected that particular drama (by the dramatist, James Overton) and those two particular actors, would exhibit a subtle pleasure from my presence in the audience during that particular scene.

In point of fact, it left me cold.

The actors, I observed, both blushed a little.

The rehearsal was over at last. Mr. Smith remarked, "Well, that ought to be all right"; and Phyllis said, "Yes, Gordon, you're splendid," and withdrew a little along the bench.

I was just about to clap my hands or in some way advertise my presence when my attention was drawn to the strange conduct of Mr. Smith. He sat bolt upright, very carefully pulled taut his Old Etonian tie, glanced nervously to every corner of the arbour, and even behind him at the impenetrable hedge, placed his finger inside his collar and pulled as if it were choking him, again tightened his tie, glanced nervously at Phyllis and away again, kicked a stone, cleared his throat and remarked—

"I say, Phyllis?"

"Yes, Gordon."

"I've got something to say to you."

"Yes, Gordon?"

This time I was more intelligent, and I knew exactly what Mr. Smith had to say. But, shameless yet, I did not shut my eyes, I did not stop up my ears. For I was consumed with curiosity to know how he would say it. Would he borrow from the dramatist, James Overton? Would he use him as a stalking-horse, with a sly quotation here, a subtle allusion there? Would he go one better?

Or what?

Mr. Smith adjusted his tie and edged with an air of infinite boldness an inch nearer to Phyllis. Her hands lay inviting in her lap. He did not take them. He did not take one of them.

He said, "I say, Phyllis—"

"Yes, Gordon?"

"I wonder if—I mean, do you think you could ever—"

Alas! where now was that rolling eloquence, that easy choice of words? Poor fool, I thought, give her a slice of the excellent Overton!

Phyllis, tired of saying, "Yes, Gordon?" said nothing.

"The fact is, Phyllis," said the unhappy youth, kicking the ground, "I mean—oh, damn it! I don't know how to say it—"

Poor Mr. Smith! And he *did* look so handsome.

"It's awful cheek, I'm afraid," he continued. "But could you ever—well, *you* know what I mean—"

Phyllis received this somewhat contestable assertion in a thoroughly merciful and sensible manner.

"I suppose I do, really, Gordon," she said, with a very sweet smile. I could not see it, but I know it was sweet.

Mr. Smith eagerly thrust one very brown hand towards her, and laid it on the seat.

"How topping of you!" he said. "You are a brick! And you don't mind?"

"I don't *mind*," said Phyllis; "but—"

And now surely was the suitor's chance. "Let there be no buts! I cannot face the years . . ." and so forth. Confound it! He had the whole thing in his head.

What Mr. Smith said, ruefully, was—

"But there's someone else, I suppose?"

"No—no—but— Well, I can't tell you now, Gordon—not to-day. I'd like to think about it." She rose. "But will you promise to ask me again, Gordon? And Gordon," she finished mischievously, "will you ask me better next time?"

"You darling!" said Mr. Smith, suddenly inspired. "I'm a fool, I know," and, falling on his knees upon the gravel path, he reverently kissed her hand.

At that moment, I am sorry to say, by the purest accident, the monkey-nut slipped from my excited fingers and fell upon the back of his neck. Phyllis glanced aloft, but said nothing. Mr. Smith was too much moved to notice.

Mr. Smith rose, with two damp patches on his spotless flannels, turned on his heel, and left the arbour.

Phyllis stood in thought for half-a-minute, then, turning her face up, a face all twinkles in the shadow, she whispered—

"You can come down now, Mr. Moon."

I climbed down silently, and took Mr. Smith's corner of the seat.

"It only shows," I said, "the superiority of Art to Nature."

"What does, Mr. Moon?"

"Poor Mr. Smith!" I said. "Why didn't you have him? No man can be intelligent when he is proposing marriage."

"Why not, Mr. Moon?"

"It is not an intelligent action," I replied. "All the same, I am glad you insist on style in your love-making."

"Naturally," said Phyllis. "After all

[Continued on Page xvi.]



Criticisms in Cameo.



I.

"THE HONOURABLE MR. TAWNISH," AT THE KING'S, HAMMERSMITH.

THERE is no more popular writer of romantic novels than Mr. Jeffery Farnol, and he not only combines a happy inventiveness with a pretty sense of phrase, but to this atmosphere he brings a clear sense of character-drawing. These factors are almost essential in the theatre, and the choice of this favourite tale for dramatisation was a good one, for we get a display of courage and ready wit, a hero and a heroine to fall in love with, and a company of characters, amiable, peppery, or amorous, to keep us interested in their peccadilloes. And who does not love the tale of a highwayman? Isn't there something to stir your blood in the picture of a man of the road in a three-cornered hat and a fancy coat? As a boy I loved to read about Claude Duval and Dick Turpin with his Bonny Black Bess (O Romance, when shall I find such another pair as these?), and Jack Sheppard was a hero too, for he could force the heaviest lock in Newgate with a rusty nail. But Mr. Tawnish is a real knight of the road, and, unlike the cavalcade of marauders that vivacious Macaulay describes, he does not end at Tyburn Tree. His luck and breeding, his pluck and pertinacity, not only overcome the scruples of a peppery Squire, but win the hand and heart of the winsome, roguish Penelope. Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry and his wife, Miss Mary Glynne, in their first venture in management share the honours. He makes a brave show, so exquisite and elegant, yet manly withal, and we knew from the beginning that the irate father's objections, vigorously expressed by Mr. Clifford Marquand, and the rival's subterfuges (for Mr. Reginald Jarman's blustering duellist never shook our confidence), would be defeated before the last act. The Penelope of Miss Mary Glynne was as pretty as it well could be, and it would have been a poor romance that did not bring the wooers through their adventures. These costume melodramas are usually contrived after the same recipe, and the ingredients of Jeffery Farnol's play provide no exception. But so long as there are lovers of a swashbuckling romance, of an elegant hero with a sword, and a charming heroine with saucy ways, there will always be a public for "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish." G. F. H.

II.

FAIR OAK PLAYERS, ROGATE, PETERSFIELD.

OVER the hills and far away. I picked my way through the barrage of Suburbia and struck the open road that threads by Guildford and circles round the heaths of Hindhead, then drops in undulating slopes to Petersfield. It was a lovely "blue and silver" day—fleecey clouds in a blue sky, and every tree and hill standing out crisp and clean in the bright air. The little village of Rogate nestled at the foot of a steep hill, and soon my car was parked with a hundred others on the greensward of Fair Oak. A kennel of cocker spaniel puppies barked

gleefully as we passed through the wicket gate that led to the theatre. Here there is no place for the electrician and the limelight man. We find our seats on a bank in a wood, and look down on a carpet of earth under the shade of ancient trees. Winding paths amid the fern stretch to the brow of the clearing and are lost in the sunlit haze of meadows and grey hills beyond. These are the exits and entrances to the stage of infinite freedom. In fancy I could hear Shakespeare's wood notes wild, or watch the dawn in russet mantle clad, when suddenly two figures, a young girl and an old woman, approach out of the distance. The first play, "The Priest of Nemi," of the triple bill has begun. It is a poignant little tale of Ancient Rome by A. M. Allen, and this its first

savagely on the passionate youth, who, casting fear aside, has told his love to the frightened girl. This is no stage fight trembling on the edge of the ridiculous amid lath and plaster, for Mr. Johnstone Douglas, the producer, has an eye for all the opportunities of his splendid setting. The old priest falls in the brushwood, and Harmon, the young legionary, comes to claim his bride. Then the shadows fall, the air grows thick, and the gods mock. The girl turns broken away, for Harmon must fill the vacant office till another suppliant seeks the grove—an outcast and a leper.

The acting was simple, natural, and dignified. The Hon. Pamela Balfour as the stricken girl, and Lady Kinross as the slave attendant gave truth to the pathos and beauty to the tragedy by their sincerity; Mr. Alan Lubbock made a fine figure of the noble legionary; while Mr. Moray Williams as the Priest of Nemi stood a very incarnation of malignant fate amid the bracken. Smaller parts were taken with equal effectiveness by Messrs. Cuthbert Smith, Geoffrey Crump, Douglas Griffin, and Master John Lowther. The whole company spoke with admirable clearness that made listening a pleasure, and the rich background gave the acting an atmosphere that made the playlet intensely moving and vivid.

There was a creepy hush of subdued voices, and then the spell was broken by gay music and a merry madrigal from behind a screen of rhododendrons. Swift as moods change, the dark fled at the touch of magic fingers. We stepped out of art into artifice, from sincerity to playful insincerity, from Rome to the eighteenth century. Gallants in gold, green, and blue, with lace at the wrist and buckles on the shoe, paid court to dainty ladies practised in pretty conceits. Nature took on a new wild sweetness, merry laughter and dancing steps filled the glade. This "Fête Lunaire," arranged by Lady George Cholmondeley, was a sheer delight. The blended colours of the frocks, the *joie de vivre* of the frolics, the exquisite grace and inconsequence of the dance, the careless, roguish patterns of impudence and pretty coquetry under the trees, the long locks, high heels, and practised strut created a Watteau picture so delicately fragile that it might have been a dream in a dell of delights. I have not space to mention each item, but surely nothing was more delicious than the Leap Year *divertissement* "Quand je fus pris au pavillon," and nothing more picturesque than the Pavane. The programme closed with the pantomimic absurdity, "How the Knave Became an Honour," by Basil Thompson, with incidental music by Clive Carey. Mrs. Vernon Magniac was the charming Queen of Hearts who could not make tarts, Mr. F. S. Hawkes the discreet Seneschal who knew it; and Colonel Douglas Carnegie as King of Clubs and Mr. Moray Williams as King of Hearts saw that her Majesty's misfortunes should give us laughter-filled sides. Before I got home the cottage lights on the way disappeared like eyelids heavy with sleep; and back in town I remember with happy gratitude Fair Oak and its Players. G. F. H.



AN ATTRACTION OF "THE ODD SPOT": MISS MADGE STUART
IN THE NEW VAUDEVILLE REVUE.

Miss Madge Stuart is appearing in "The Odd Spot," the new Vaudeville revue, and is shown in our photograph in her costume for the number entitled, "Monday's Child."—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

production. The illusion is complete. There is the holy sanctuary of Diana, and the girl's prayers rise like the incense in the grove, though we feel the happiness of love can never be. Something fateful haunts the spot. The shepherds are full of alarm. A messenger with anxious tidings comes running the whole length of the woodland track. A murderer is hastening hither. It is the girl's lover. Stung by the licentious jests of a Tribune, in honour he slew him. Diana could give sanctuary. But the Priest of Nemi, uncouth and wild, rushes out of his retreat and falls

Plays of the Moment: No. XXXVI. "The Odd Spot."



AS THE LADY IN "HUSBANDS ARE SO JEALOUS":
MISS BINNIE HALE IN BED.



IN HER "CRUEL TO BE KIND" COSTUME:
MISS BINNIE HALE.



CLEVERLY MADE UP AS A DAME OF A PAST AGE: MISS BINNIE HALE
IN "NOBODY KNEW."



"THE RAT" IN "RAT-TAT-TAT": MISS BINNIE HALE
AS MR. IVOR NOVELLO.

Miss Binnie Hale, the brilliantly clever young actress, has made yet another big personal success in "The Odd Spot," the new revue at the Vaudeville. She appears in a great variety of numbers, and is seen as

her charming self, disguised as an old lady, and in various other rôles, which include an extremely clever "take-off" of Mr. Ivor Novello in his rôle as the apache hero of "The Rat."

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.

Crowned with Rubber Daisies: The World's Sweetheart.



MARY AND "DOUG" IN THE POOL AT THEIR COUNTRY PLACE AT HOLLYWOOD: AN "AT HOME" SNAPSHOT OF THE FAMOUS PAIR.



RIDING THEIR RUBBER DRAGON: MISS MARY PICKFORD AND HER HUSBAND, MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

Miss Mary Pickford and her husband, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, have a lovely country place at Hollywood, Cal., where the above photographs were taken, and manage to snatch a certain amount of time from the arduous business of film-making, in order to enjoy the delights of their garden and swimming-pool. Mary Pickford, "the World's Sweet-

heart," looks as bewitching in her bathing-suit as in any other costume, and has a most attractive cap made of massed white daisies—fashioned in rubber. The dragon-like "steed" on which Mary and "Doug" are shown riding is also an affair of rubber, and makes an amusing addition to the delights of their swimming-pond.

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"The Biarritz of the North": Golf Snapshots.



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WAITING THEIR TURN: MISS ROGERS AND MISS GLADYS ROGERS.



THE DAUGHTER OF LIEUT.-COL. SIR JAMES WISHART THOMSON: MISS LOIS THOMSON.



CHEERED ON BY MR. TOLLEY: MRS. TOOKER DRIVING.



PRACTISING HIS SWING: SIR ADRIAN BAILLIE, BT.



WITH MRS. FISHER ROWE: LADY BAILLIE OF POLKEMMET.

North Berwick, that golfers' paradise, where Society congregates in late summer and early autumn, is already packed with celebrities, some of whom are shown on our page. Miss Rosa Neumann is the second daughter of Anna Lady Neumann, and a sister of Sir Cecil Neumann, Bt.—Miss Lois Thomson is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir James Wishart Thomson,

K.B.E., who was Shipping Controller in India from 1917-18.—Mrs. Tooker is the mother of Miss Maud Hunnewell, the well-known golfer, and Sir Adrian Baillie is the sixth Baronet of Polkemmet, Linlithgow. His mother, Lady Baillie, is the daughter of the late Mr. David E. Wilkie, of Ratho Byres, Midlothian.

Photographs by T.P.A., Balmain, and G. W. Day.

The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

I SUPPOSE one can follow Bill Shakespeare's lead and say that all the lawn-tennis world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. Certainly they have their exits and their entrances, though not quite in that order, for it is necessary to enter for a tournament before you can get knocked out. At least that is how I understand it. The entry comes first and the exit afterwards. And if leaving out the infant age, and still keeping in view the idea that all the lawn-tennis world's a stage—we inquire why the schoolboy is whining, we shall probably be told that the poor lad is smarting under the fact that the headmasters of our public schools are not in favour of the game. Perhaps that is why at the end of the holidays he creeps like snail unwillingly to school.

However, thanks to the enterprise of the Queen's Club officials, there are no whining schoolboys during the summer holidays. For the sixth time in succession the lawn-tennis tournament specially arranged for them has proved a boon and a blessing to hundreds of boys. At the time of writing there seems little doubt that H. W. Austin (Repton), the holder of the open singles, will again carry off the cup.

He is, of course, the brother of Joan Austin, famous for her success in doubles in partnership with Evelyn Colyer. Young Austin is certainly a player of great promise. In this schoolboys' competition he stands out as the winner of it as certainly as "Little Bill" Johnston did (head and shoulders) above the rest of the competitors in the Wimbledon Championships last year. I understand that, on leaving school, Austin will be favourably situated, from a business point of view, to be able to keep up his lawn-tennis.

Turning from the actual schoolboy, let us pause for a while to consider the doings of the more advanced type of youth in *statu pupillari*—the undergraduate. Here we have genuine cause for rejoicing and congratulations. For we find that the combined talent of Oxford and Cambridge—that strange mingling of the Dark Half Blues and the Light Full Blues—has triumphed

over the united strength of Yale and Harvard Universities.

This was the fourth of these inter-university contests, and the first time that we have succeeded in beating the Americans. A. S. Watt, the Oxford captain, distinguished himself at Wimbledon by taking a love set from Washburn in the fourth round. He was expected to beat W. Ingraham, but, after leading him 4-1 in the final set, he lost the next five games. A fine performance on the part of the Harvard man, and one in which an exceedingly fast service played no small part. Van Alen, the Cambridge captain, beat K. Plaffman, of Harvard, 6-3, 6-2. He was at the top of his form. C. H. Kingsley, Oxford, was

rather disappointing in his match against Arnold Jones. After winning the first set, 7-5 (in which he was led 5-3), the next two sets went to America's undergraduate, 6-2, 6-4. Kingsley recently won the Scottish lawn-tennis championship at Edinburgh—an honour held in the two previous years by the South African, P. D. B. Spence. The final result of the contest was a win for our universities by fifteen matches to six. Van Alen and "Lizzie" Lezard (this sounds like a mixed double, but, of course, it wasn't) really put the seal on our success when they defeated Arnold Jones and Ingraham in the doubles.

The European section of the Davis Cup competition was, as everyone expected, won by France. The brilliant array of French talent will now be shipped across the Atlantic to America. There they will meet Australia, and the winners of this round challenge America, the holders.

Mexico were able to put up no sort of adequate opposition to the Australians. They lost both singles; and the Patterson and O'Hara Wood partnership in the doubles was far too powerful for Borbolla and Gerdes, who were beaten in three straight sets, 6-4, 6-4, 6-0.

Bournemouth brought a very successful meeting to a close in real summer weather. That energetic member of the

Tournament Committee, S. R. Youdale, must have been very proud to see his fellow-countryman, J. M. Bayley, winning the open singles, which carries with it the Hampshire championship. It was Bayley who caused such a sensation at Wimbledon by defeating Randolph Lycett in the second round of the championship.

Here, at Bournemouth, his opponent was that experienced New Zealander—a master of courtcraft—F. M. B. Fisher. Fisher has often been in the final of this event. He won it in 1919, 1921, and 1922. Last year Brane Hillyard deprived him of the title; and now Bayley—by reason of his youth and quickness on his feet—proved too much for Fisher. The latter's brain was moving fast enough; but the physical side of him could not carry out the cleverly conceived tactics. Bayley won 6-4, 6-3. Eames and Doust made a strong couple in the doubles, and defeated, in the final, the aforesaid Bayley and his partner—in business, I understand, as well as pleasure—A. J. Willard.

G. Crole-Rees is justifying the high opinion which many critics hold regarding his play. At Angmering-on-Sea he won the open singles, and together with the wonderful



H.W. AUSTIN,
(Repton),
Winner of
SCHOOLBOYS'
competition.



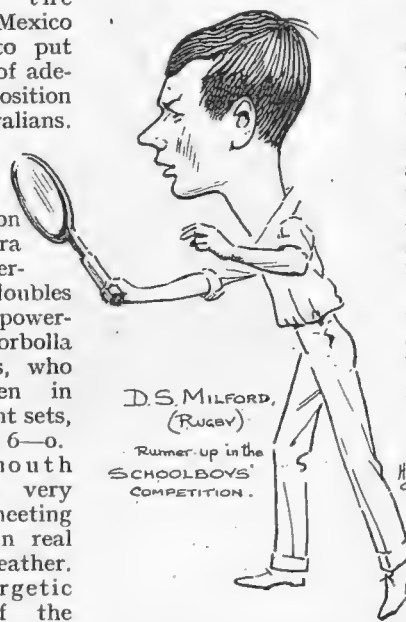
Q.T.C. WATT,
REFEREE,
SCHOOLBOYS' COMPETITION.



J. H. VAN ALEN,
the CAMBRIDGE Captain.



K. PLAFFMAN,
Capt.
HARVARD



D.S. MILFORD,
(Rugby)
Runner-up in the
SCHOOLBOYS'
COMPETITION.

veteran, M. J. G. Ritchie, also carried off the men's doubles.

Another player who has achieved considerable success lately is A. C. Belgrave. He was "runner-up" in the recent Hurlingham Club grass court tournament, making "Flaneur" go all the way in a five-set match. Since then he has won the open singles at Sandown, where Sir G. A. Thomas was defeated in the final, after playing all five sets—the last of which ran into eighteen games. Miss Ryan had a great time at this meeting, winning all three events.

What a tremendous number of tournaments there are at this time of year! Nearly a dozen every week. The great seaside Wimbledon will very soon be coming along—that is, of course, Eastbourne.

After that the hard court comes into general use again. When will the grass surface be abolished as being utterly impracticable? The last few weeks have surely hastened its end. Certainly there is an increasing expression of the hope that—in the words of Gordon Lowe—"grass courts in a few years' time will have departed into the limbo of the past."



The Great Hall of Kedleston.

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The present Kedleston Hall, which replaced the ancient house of the Curzons, is considered to be Robert Adam's supreme achievement. Its charm lies not wholly in the external design of the building, but in that characteristic internal decorative treatment for which the brothers are so justly famed. Their furniture also possesses a quiet dignity and appearance of true quality which may be described as the aristocracy of art, particularly when compared with the florid decoration and overpowering richness of material previously prevalent.

As in art, so also in commerce there are productions of such supreme quality that they are justly entitled to be considered as masterpieces of their kind. For example, there is John Haig Scotch Whisky, which can claim that distinction by reason of its perfect maturity and exceptional quality. It was first produced nearly 300 years ago by the oldest distillers in the world, 1627, since when it has attained universal fame and approbation.



18th century torchère of carved wood at Kedleston.

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The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

A Ton of Manuscript!

The late Richard Blakeborough may fairly be called an industrious man. Years and years ago, when the stage-coach was still the correct mode of transit in the minds of the conservative English people, he began to collect old songs, quaint stories, traditional folk-tales, and curious beliefs and customs. But he did not go to the British Museum or any other library for all this matter. He tackled the actual people who had the tales to tell, and wrote down what they told him—often in the local vernacular—in a series of note-books.

On April 23, 1918, this gentleman died, his son, J. Fairfax-Blakeborough, M.C., being at the time on active duty. When the gallant soldier came back from the wars, he proceeded to look through these note-books, and found that his father had left behind him more than a ton of manuscript! So he set to work and weeded out the stories and verses which seemed to him most likely to appeal to the general public, and the result is the attractive volume which lies before me, called in full "The Hand of Glory, and Further Grandfather's Tales and Legends of Highwaymen and Others." Nor must the decorations by Wyndham Payne be forgotten, for they really do decorate the book.

The Tactful Collector.

If you have never tried it, you may suppose that nothing is simpler than to approach these old rustic worthies and get them to recount their best stories for the enlargement of your note-book.

Not a bit of it. These tales come from the North of England, and your Northerner does not readily unbosom himself to the passing stranger. He wants to know what sort of a man you are, whether you are worthy of his friendship and confidence, and if you will receive what he could tell you, and he would, with respect.

"My late father," says the editor of this volume, "knew exactly how to approach the scores of old folk with whom it was his joy to sit. A Northerner himself, he possessed that caution (as well as sympathy) essential to success in the rich fields whose harvest he spent his life in gathering. He did not drive a coach-and-four with sounding horn along the main road, or proceed thereon as in a cavalry charge, but went quietly and by easy stages along bypaths and grassy lanes to reach his goal. What one had forgotten he found another could remember, and over

a period of nearly half a century he continued fitting in a link here and a link there, discovering old diaries and entries in family Bibles and almanacks, and at least half-a-dozen most valuable manuscript books filled with interesting records of past events and traditions."

And the filial editor concludes his preface by informing the reader that if he likes the present volume, and enough people are of the same mind, there will be no difficulty whatever in giving us twelve more of a similar nature.

"The Highwayman of Leeming Lane."

I am not so sure about that. One volume of this kind is well enough, but I am not sure that many of us could stomach another dozen.

For these tales are not for the squeamish, or for those who break into a cold sweat when a board creaks as they sit reading by the

Leeming Lane, and was accounted, in the coaching days, one of the most dangerous bits between London and Scotland. Not dangerous as a road, you understand, but by reason of the choice characters who infested it.

A Jolly Period. To make matters worse, the landlords of the inns along the road would often "stand in" with the highwaymen, so what chance had the luckless traveller? If he rode on during the night he fell into the hands of the "Road Inspectors," who took his all. If he tried to be prudent, and put up for the night at an inn, a few of the landlord's friends, conducted by the landlord himself, would enter his room, and possibly take his life as well as his money. A jolly period.

However, Mr. George Cuttermen, landlord of the King's Head, at Kirklington, was far above suspicion. Why, Mr. Cuttermen himself was attacked and robbed by a

highwayman on whose head was set a tempting reward. Mr. Cuttermen was a brave man. He resisted the highwayman, who promptly fired at Cuttermen, who was able to show the bullet-hole in his coat-cape as evidence of his valour.

Then the highwayman did a thing which really made him unpopular. A worthy young couple, Tom and Polly, who had been servants of Cuttermen for five years, were going to be married. For five years they had been saving up their money, and at last came the glad day when they left the King's Head and set off to visit Polly's parents. Cuttermen was awfully nice to them. He gave them a golden guinea apiece and wished them luck.

But luck was not in their way. They only got a mile on the road before they were stopped by a masked gentleman who took all their

savings, and jolly nearly killed poor old Tom into the bargain.

A Cad of the Road.

This was a pretty dirty trick, as you will agree, but the highwayman went on from that to worse. In a little wayside cottage to the south of Catterick lived an old couple in very reduced circumstances. Moreover, the husband was bed-ridden.

To them was left, by a relative at York, no less a sum than two hundred pounds. Joy! They were rich! They could live in comparative comfort to the end of their days! They wept in each other's arms, and then the old lady went off to York to get the boodle.

She came back with it in cash, and poured the shining guineas on to the bed of her

[Continued overleaf.]



COMING-OF-AGE CELEBRATIONS AT POLTALLOCH: MR. GEORGE IAN MALCOLM, SIR IAN AND LADY MALCOLM, COLONEL W. A. MALCOLM, MASTER ANGUS MALCOLM, AND THE FACTOR AND EMPLOYEES.

Mr. George Ian Malcolm, eldest son of Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch, recently celebrated his coming of age at Poltalloch, Argyllshire. He reached his majority in April, but has only just come home from Egypt, where he has been stationed with his regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Our snapshot shows the occasion of the presentations from employees and tenants: The oldest employee is standing on the right calling for three cheers.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

midnight fire. Personally, I read "The Hand of Glory," the first story in the volume, by the July midnight fire, and slept uncommonly well after it. But my imagination is not of the kind that is set aglow by the picture of a guttering candle placed in the dismembered hand of a dead malefactor.

For all that, it is quite a good story of its kind, and possibly deserves its place in the forefront of the volume. I prefer some of the humbler chapters.

"The Highwayman of Leeming Lane," for example, is full of romance. The scene is the Great North Road—a glorious road, the very mention of which should set your nerves tingling. The Great North Road! I have traversed every foot of it from London to Berwick-on-Tweed, and beyond that.

One stretch of this road is known as

Continued.

invalid husband. They began to count it. Before they had proceeded far, a masked highwayman entered the cottage and went off with the lot. He would not even leave the old lady enough money to pay for her journey to York and back!

There was now a very large reward out for this gentleman. And who do you think won it? Why, Tom—Polly's faithful Tom! And who do you suppose the highwayman turned out to be? Why, dear old Cutterman, the worthy landlord of the King's Head!



THE COMING-OF-AGE OF VISCOUNT HAMBLEDEN'S ELDEST SON: THE HON. W. H. SMITH, WITH HIS PARENTS AND BROTHERS AND SISTERS. Our group shows, from left to right: the Hon. J. F. Smith, the Hon. Edith M. Smith, Viscountess Hambleden, the Hon. W. H. Smith, Viscount Hambleden, the Hon. Margaret E. Smith, and, seated on the ground, the Hon. David Smith. It was taken at Greenlands on the occasion of the coming-of-age celebrations for the Hon. W. H. Smith.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

There's a story for you, only marred by the fact that Cutterman escaped, and was never seen or heard of again. Polly and Tom were married, so that was all right. But Cutterman should not have been allowed to escape. I warrant you he never *would* have escaped if the story had been fiction.

"The Maid of the Golden Shoon."

Here is a story which can be traced back direct to 1771. In that year, a little girl, eight years of age, Bessy Ellis by name, went to live with her grandmother at Ingleby Greenhow. Her grandmother frequently told Bessy the tale of the Maid with the Golden Shoon. Bessy handed the story on to a friend (by word of mouth, of course), and this friend told it to the late Richard Blakeborough. So back you are carried, with the greatest ease, to 1771. And I have no doubt that Bessy and her grandmother believed every word of it.

The story tells how five young mothers of Ingleby Greenhow were robbed of their babes. None could help them but the Maid of the Golden Shoon, and she was powerless unless she could find a Knight who had never wilfully brought a blush of shame upon either maid or wife.

The Knight was somewhat severely tried. He had to retire at the hour of midnight with the beautiful Maid to a bower through which no ray of light could penetrate. The Maid would then remove her clothes and put on the Knight's armour, he helping her to do so. During this ordeal, every thought, look, and action of the Knight must be pure as the driven snow.

The Saintly Harold.

Six Knights unfortunately failed to pass the test; but the seventh, Harold, was a sterling fellow and won the prize. He was then placed at the head of the six weaker Knights, and the gallant little party attacked the dragons who had been doing all the mischief.

The children, you will be pleased to hear, were not dead. They had been turned into

cats for the time being, and were eventually restored to the arms of their mothers as good as new.

As for the Knights, they were all killed by the dragons except the saintly Harold, who presumably married the Maid of the Golden Shoon and continued to refrain from bringing a blush to her cheek ever after.

Such was the story which was poured into the ears of the youthful Bessy in 1771. As she lived to the age of ninety, and was never tired of repeating it, she must have thought

it a good one. I must confess that my sympathies are rather with the unfortunate Knights who could not help admiring the Maid of the Golden Shoon when she was putting on the armour.

Oh, I forgot to tell you that the saintly Harold took the precaution of turning his back on the Maid and getting her to bandage his eyes. Which shows that he did not trust himself too far.

"The Coach Ghost."

I like also the story of the ghost who haunted a coach. The ghost was that of a young woman named Nance, who was engaged to, and should have married, a fine young

coach-driver called Tom. But Nance was betrayed by a rascal and left to die. Before passing away she told her beloved Tom that she would return in the spirit if she could, and warn him of any coming danger.

Nance was as good as her word. When Tom got into difficulties, he could feel the hands of Nance on the reins, and then he knew all was well. But the passengers, of course, knew nothing about this ghostly assistance, and Tom nearly frightened the lives out of four very important gentlemen by galloping to York at full speed through a dense fog. It was all right, however: Nance was driving, and she knew* that each of the gentlemen had promised Tom a guinea if they arrived in York on time.

A pretty story, and a romantic withal.

Some of the other stories are rather too crude for modern taste, but I should not be surprised if the editor were invited to dip *once* again into the ton of matter collected by his father.

"Plush." Here we have a romance of the House of Lords, and that is a thing you do not get every day. What is more, it is written by a Peer, Lord Gorell, so you need not be afraid of getting

any wrong ideas into your head about that extremely distinguished assemblage.

The notion of the story is excellent. At the age of seventy-six, a vulgar old party named Joshua Plush becomes a Peer. These things used to happen in days gone by to the rich and ambitious, and Joshua Plush was both.

Now, it so happened that Mr. Plush had a grandson of whose existence he knew nothing. This grandson was pretty nearly at the bottom of the social scale. His accent was the vilest Cockney, his ideas were ultra-revolutionary, he had no money, and he was in love with the sort of girl that he would be likely to select.

The old man dies suddenly, and Albert Plush, the fishmonger's assistant, becomes Lord Plush! He inherits no money from his grandfather, but he gets the title, and nothing and nobody can keep him out of the House of Lords should he choose to take his seat.

And he does so choose! Egged on by his Bolshie friends, Albert actually gets two Peers to present him—I am not quite clear how that was done—and gives the House of Lords a perfect performance in the best Kippsonian manner. He then returns to Hoxton and treats his friends to an account of the adventure.

"'Yer're kiddin'!" snapped Sarah.

"'I ain't; it's the blinkin' trewth. 'E goes on and on, and 'arf the 'old nobs is fast asleep, and the other 'arf wishin' they were: yer never saw such a set of Weary Willies in yer life. By-and-by, though, a Lord up and ses ter me, "'Ere, when was you mide a Privy Councillor?" Yer could 'ave knocked me down with a feather. Seems as if they 'ad a special seat for 'em and I was on it. Up I 'ops quick, I tell yer: I ain't goin' to be taken for a Privy Councillor, not for nobody, as I tells 'im. I sits down hopposit', and that's wrong too—that was the ruddy Government on that seat. Quite a decent old boy, Earl o' Rickwood, 'e ses ter me, "'Yer ain't in the Government yet, are yer?" "No," I ses ter 'im, "not till we 'ave a better one." Larf, I tell yer straight; 'e fair took it in the ribs—reg'ler tickled, d'yer see? So I gits up agin, and then, blimey, if for a couple of hours or more. . . ."



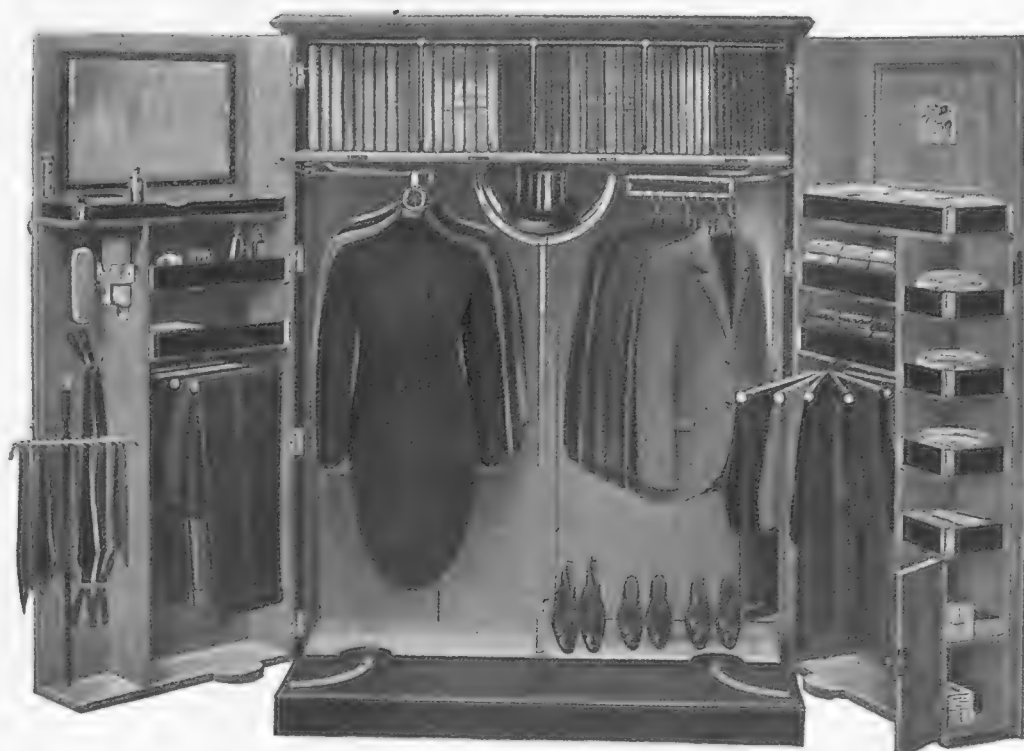
WITH EMPLOYEES WHO HAVE CELEBRATED THEIR COMING-OF-AGE AS WORKERS FOR W. H. SMITH AND SON: THE HON. W. H. SMITH, THE TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD SON OF VISCOUNT HAMBLEDEN.

The names in our snapshot, from left to right, are: Mr. W. H. Parkins, Mr. A. Burt, the Hon. W. H. Smith, Mr. E. Mallett, and Mr. T. Palmer. The photograph was taken at Greenlands, Henley-on-Thames, at the twenty-first birthday celebration of the Hon. W. H. Smith. The four employees with him have been with W. H. Smith and Son for over twenty-one years.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

How it all ends you will discover for yourself. But how far away seem those bad old days when such an incongruity as this was possible!

The Hand of Glory. Edited by J. Fairfax-Blakeborough, M.C. (Grant Richards, Ltd.; 7s. 6d. net.)
Plush. By Lord Gorell. (T. Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Cabinet you will Eventually Buy.



You can buy the Compactom Clothing Cabinet wherever really good furniture is sold.

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May we send you details of the Ladies' Model? It is companionable to this.

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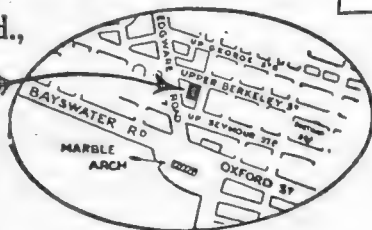
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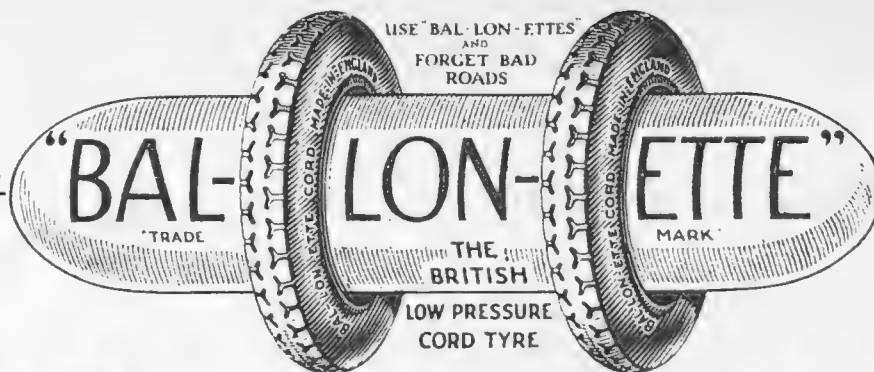


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We think you will eventually like to see our Catalogue. May we send one now?



An "Autocar" Test and Report after four months' running.

THE "AUTOCAR," JULY 11, 1924.

It is computed that some 75 per cent. of all the small cars now being sold in France are fitted with low-pressure tyres, the great bulk of these tyres being of 715 X 115 mm. or 730 X 130 mm. section. In Great Britain small car owners using such tyres are, of course, in a vastly lower proportion, and, indeed, a very small number of small cars, in regard to the total output during the past six or seven months, have been so equipped, though the wheels of quite a large number have been converted by their owners.

The majority, however, of small-car owners are still without definite information regarding the virtues, or otherwise, of low-pressure tyres, and a few direct remarks on the behaviour of a set of such tyres—in this case Bal-lon-ettes—will prove of interest.

In *The Autocar* of March 21st, 1924, we recorded briefly our impressions after a distance of 750 miles on such tyres on a 10 h.p. 1924 model two-seated Singer, weighing, ready for the road, approximately 14 cwt., and promised further particulars after a more extended test.

BETTER WEARING QUALITIES.

Up to the present this set of tyres has covered a little over 4,000 miles. Now 4,000 miles in the life of a good modern tyre form by no means the major portion of its career, but it is certainly far enough to be able to speak with authority on the behaviour of any particular type of tyre. The tyres in question, made by Associated Rubber Mfrs., Ltd., Harpenden, Herts., are 715 X 115 mm. section. These replaced a set of 700 X 80 mm. cord tyres which had covered 2,000 miles when they were superseded by the low-pressure variety, and the latter have therefore covered some 33½ per cent. greater mileage than their predecessors. At the end of the respective mileages the low-pressure tyres are, undoubtedly, in a less worn condition than the high-pressure ones. This, it is reasonable to assume, is due almost entirely to the more perfect adhesion to the road and the consequent absence of wear through bouncing, and also to the cool state in which they run.

GREATER COMFORT.

With regard to sheer comfort, there is no comparison; to appreciate this to the full all that is necessary is to change back to the hard tyres and indulge in a short run over average suburban roads.

FUEL CONSUMPTION.

"But," someone will surely say, "there must be some snag about the new tyres." The only point that can legitimately be brought against them, as a result of this particular test, is that petrol consumption when driving in London traffic does seem to be increased, as compared with the consumption when hard tyres are fitted. This would point to the fact that the soft tyre demands a greater effort on the part of the engine to move the car away from rest, and as London driving is largely composed of stops and starts, the petrol consumption increase is thereby explained. When, however, we come to long drives on country roads, it is impossible to detect any material difference in the fuel consumption, because there the engine is working at practically constant speed, whatever type of tyre is used, and on approximately the same throttle opening.

BETTER BRAKING.

Whereas, however, fuel consumption is heavier in traffic, there is a very considerable counter-balancing advantage in that the brakes are far more efficient with soft tyres than with hard. This is doubtless due to the greater area of the low-pressure tyre in contact with the road.

BETTER ROAD GRIP—HIGHER AVERAGE SPEED!

Skidding, contrary to many reports, has, in this particular case, proved negligible with low-pressure tyres. Probably the maximum speed of the car is slightly reduced, but as this is never asked for in this particular case—and probably rarely by any small car user—it can hardly be advanced as an argument against the latest type tyres. On the other hand, the soft tyre permits a far higher average to be maintained, because bumpy roads become as smooth ones, and no perceptible slackening of speed is necessary. But perhaps the type of surface on which best to appreciate big, soft tyres is slightly uneven *pavé*, either of stone or wood, a type of roadway abounding in London. With a small hard inflated tyre, the best sprung small car is not too pleasant a conveyance. With low-pressure tyres the unevenness of such surfaces cannot be disagreeably felt.

SAFE CORNERING.

One of the defects often gloomily alleged against soft tyres is as to what would happen if one of them suddenly deflated when running at speed. The writer cannot answer this question, because no such incident has occurred, but slow deflation due to the low pressure is a characteristic of the tyres, so that no untoward happening should result. Another "bogey," namely, rolling at corners, also appears to be a myth: the tyres in question were run for several hundred miles at the ridiculously low pressure of 14 lb., as tested on a Schrader low-pressure gauge. Even with the tyres so soft that one could sway the car about sideways on them, no special care appeared to be needed in cornering. Regarding pressures, 20 lb. per sq. in. for the back wheels and 18 lb. for the front appear to provide the most satisfactory results.

IMPROVED APPEARANCE.

On the score of appearance, we have yet to meet any critic of the low-pressure tyre—in fact, the universal exclamation on seeing the small Singer so equipped is how greatly the car's appearance is enhanced.

EFFICIENT SHOCK-ABSORBER.

With regard to weight, a 715 X 115 mm. Bal-lon-ette low-pressure tyre, complete with a Sankey pressed steel disc wheel, scales 38 lb., against the weight of 34½ lb. of the original Singer pressed steel wheel, with its 700 X 80 mm. high-pressure tyre. In short, the low-pressure tyre is, in effect, an efficient shock absorber, and will be appreciated as such by light car owners in particular.

THE "BAL-LON-ETTE" JACK
Specially constructed for use with Low-
Pressure Tyres. Price 14/-

THE "BAL-LON-ETTE"
LOW-PRESSURE GAUGE.
Price 6/10

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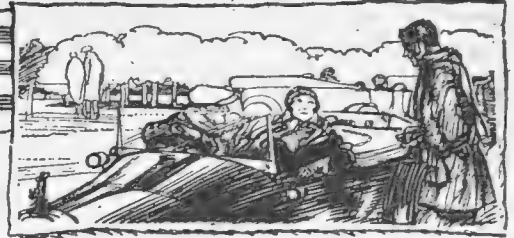
Use

"BAL-LON-ETTES" and forget Bad Roads.





Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.



Touring in France.

Although the British Sunbeam car could only finish fifth in the 500-miles race over the Lyons 14½-miles circuit for the European Grand Prix, the winning Italian Alfa-Romeo passed the post only 23 min. ahead of it. Major H. O. D. Segrave informed the writer that he knew his Sunbeam car was the fastest in the race, and proved it by making the record lap at a speed of 76½ miles per hour. Segrave lost 27 min. in making various adjustments in the event, that need not have happened at all, as the real trouble lay in the new magneto fitted on the eve of the race, in place of the old one used in practice. All these precious minutes, which cost England a second victory in this annual international event, were occupied in changing plugs, which was not necessary at all. As soon as the old magneto was replaced, the car ran like a clock. Consequently, the K.L.G. plugs were blameless, though, of course, the discovery was made too late to allow the time lost to be regained. It was a wonderful race, and I am glad I saw it, as also it gave me an opportunity to tour a portion of France I had often wished to revisit. Driving from Dieppe to Lyons on a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce proved the acme of comfortable travel, as we sped along the 450 miles averaging 45 miles per hour, with long bursts at between 60 and 70 miles an hour on the way. Our route lay via Rouen, Louviers, to Evreux, where the quaintness of that ancient hostelry, Hotel du Grand Cerf, tempted us to halt for *déjeuner*, and on through Chartres, Orleans, Gien, Nevers, Moulins, Roanne, Tarare, to Lyons. It is an admirable touring route, as there is much to see, and wooded country practically all the way, in place of the usual bareness of the northern roads of France. From Lyons, in place of returning over the same course, we proceeded to Grenoble, in order that my friend, who owns this 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce touring car, should test her speed qualities over some of the Alpine passes in the Hautes Alpes and Savoie district.

Consequently, after lunching at Grenoble at the Moderne, we continued to Uriage Vizille, and le Bourg d'Oisans, with the Grandes Sables overlooking the valley, through magnificent mountain scenery to La Grave, and up the mountain pass of the Col du Lautaret—over 6000 ft. climb. After resting on its summit, with the glaciers in the distant foreground frowning on the hotel (where, by the way, was also an Aston-Martin and a Vauxhall car with other English visitors), in place of returning on our tracks, we took the still more difficult and more

precipitous Col du Galibier pass, 8000 ft. above sea-level, and climbed up that, with its thirty odd hairpin bends on this narrow mountain road. The 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce has a most excellent virtue for mountain-climbing, as its turning lock is splendid and easily negotiated this twisting road, with



A PAUSE ON TULKS HILL TO PICK AN "ELUSIVE PIMPERNEL":
IN DORSETSHIRE IN AN OVERLAND DE LUXE TOURING CAR.

The little scarlet pimpernel has been rendered famous by Baroness Orczy's book, in which the hero, it will be remembered, was always referred to as the "elusive Pimpernel." The flower grows in profusion on Tulks Hill, above Abbotsbury, Dorset, and our snapshot shows some motorists in an Overland de luxe touring car stopping to pick it.

its incessant hairpin corners, without hesitation. Not once did it fail to round the bends, although its long wheel-base would

have made most motorists expect to have to take two locks to get round them. Unfortunately, the clouds we had to pass through entirely obscured the magnificent view of the Alpine range of mountains. Still, the wet roads proved the sureness of the rear-wheel brakes in its descent to St. Michel and on to St. Jean de Maurienne, where we stayed the night at an excellent hotel before proceeding to Chambéry and the Lac du Bourget. Here, ascending the Col du Chat—another long mountain climb—we obtained one of the finest views of the surrounding country overlooking Aix-les-Bains on the other side of the lake, before proceeding to lunch at Belley. From thence the route lay by way of Bourg and Chalon-sur-Saône, past the picturesque château of Le Rochepot to Saulieu—a village renowned through France for its excellent cuisine at the Hotel de la Poste. After resting a night here we proceeded via Avallon, Auxerre, and Sens to Fontainebleau, and on to Paris, after this 1200 miles journey from Dieppe over a portion of France that offers every inducement to touring motorists to visit it for its objects of interest, charming scenery, magnificent mountain passes, and wooded country, to say nought in regard to the comfortable hotel accommodation at any of the villages.

Touring in Central Africa. Motorists in search of fresh woods and pastures new to tour in ought to try the new Belgian transcontinental road, linking up Buta with Rejef and Mongala, now ready for motor traffic. This new cross-continent route is 581 miles in length, and there are petrol depots at Buta, Bambili—which makes one thing of Edgar Wallace's yarns—Niangaro, Faradje, Aba, and Rejaf, while the road itself is so good that the motor-lorry service averages 18 miles an hour on it. Also, the Secretary of the Royal East African Automobile Association reports that, with this road now opened to the public, it is possible to motor across Central Equatorial Africa, from Mombassa on the East Coast to Boma on the West Coast, in something like twenty-two days. When the construction of the other new link roads in the Congo are completed and open for traffic, travellers can then go from Nairobi to Kampala, Masindi, and Butiaba, cross Lake Albert to Mahaji or Kasenyi, or go down the Nile to Rhino Camp, where the new roads will run via Moto, and join up near Faradje. If we lose our usual summer in England, here is the land to find it, and explore country undreamt of by most motorists.



THE WINNER OF THE ROUND-BRITAIN AIR-RACE FOR THE KING'S CUP: MR. ALAN J. COBHAM, WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Our snapshot shows Mr. Alan J. Cobham, the winner of the air-race round Great Britain for the King's Cup, with his wife and children. He won his victory flying a D.H. 50 biplane with a 250-h.p. Siddeley "Puma" engine, entered by Sir Charles Wakefield, and attained an average speed of 106.66 m.p.h.—a calculation which, however, is probably under the actual speed, for it gives no allowance for re-fuelling, and it is probable that the competitors all travelled more than the actual scheduled course of 955 miles.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo Co.]



A Critique of Ladies' Golf.

By R. Endersby Howard.

Something Wrong?

During a railway journey the other day, a man of international fame on the links expressed the opinion that there must be something wrong with the way in which ladies play golf. He pointed out that, although feminine enthusiasts number tens of thousands, there are very few—perhaps not more than a dozen—who strike the looker-on at championships as being finished golfers. He considered this the more remarkable because ladies are immensely keen; and, indeed, the enthusiasm with which they engage in inter-club matches, inter-county matches, and international matches, as well as the ordinary range of club and open competitions, is an example to the mere male. They have set themselves to develop good players by means of intensive courses of team matches in a way that the other sex has never emulated. And yet the critic in the train declared that men produce by far the larger proportion of first-class golfers, judged by the relative standards of the two sexes. "You have only to attend the championships to realise it," he said—and, perhaps because of his imposing record in the game, nobody disputed his dictum.

The Left Wrist.

I do not know whether we are to accept this premise. If so, the subject merits investigation, and we cannot examine it from a better standpoint than his assertion that "there must be something wrong with the way in which ladies play golf." The people who have the highest qualifications for discussing the question are the professionals, since they all have large numbers of lady pupils. Indeed, it seems to me that ladies are far more diligent than men in taking lessons. Let us see, then, what the professionals have to say on the matter. Harry Vardon declares that the outstanding weakness among feminine golfers is that they do not work the left wrist properly in taking the club up. Instead of turning the left wrist gently inwards towards the body as they start the club back, they keep it in its original position or even bend it outwards. The result is that the toe of the club does not turn away from the ball at the beginning of the up swing, and the whole movement is thrown irretrievably out of gear.

Beethoven and Brassie Shots.

Vardon has a plausible reason to offer for this trait in feminine golfers. It is that most ladies play the piano from their early childhood, and, in doing so, cultivate the habit of bending the wrist outwards, with the consequence that they find it difficult to alter the disposition when they come to practise golf. If only they take up golf at a sufficiently early age and learn it properly, presumably it is the piano that suffers. Blessed is she who can play both Beethoven and her brassie shots perfectly!

James Braid is also of opinion that the chief fault among lady golfers is that they do not turn their wrists in the up swing. This, he says, is the reason that the majority fail to obtain a sufficiently long carry with wooden clubs through the green, and that they show a tendency to be short with their mashie shots. It is unquestionably the fact that very few lady golfers hit their mashie shots with that

would promote a stiff, cramped blow at the impact.

Not Enough Hit.

J. H. Taylor views the matter in another light. He says that ladies are too anxious to produce a full follow-through, and that in pursuing their ideal they forget the importance of hitting the ball hard. It is perfectly true—one can see ample evidence of it on every course—that there are countless players, male and female, who carry out in liberal measure the ancient maxim, "Follow through!" but do not get on very well for it. Indeed, it is one of the weaknesses of this adage that it makes a lot of people think that to cultivate a good follow-through is a prime essential, whereas the examples of all great golfers show that the follow-through is a natural finish to a good shot—not the cause of it.

Some time ago I mentioned on this page the suggestion of a correspondent who wrote expressing the opinion that "Maintain contact" would be a more useful aphorism than "Follow through." The idea was that it would impress on the player the importance of going through with the club-head after the ball, and yet would not lead him to imagine that he had only to concentrate on the follow-through in order to ensure a good shot. Probably Taylor is

right in his contention that this latter belief is rife among lady golfers. Let us be gallant and say that they find the follow-through easy because they are of graceful build, and so devote their attention to it instead of to the task of hitting the ball hard. Taylor advises them to hit, and more or less allow the follow-through to look after itself. When it is of that slow, wavy, flowing description which one sees not infrequently at the finish of the swing in ladies' golf, it is obvious that decisiveness and power must have been lacking at the impact.

More Haste Up, Less Speed Down.

Edward Ray and Alexander Herd both consider that ladies take the club back too quickly, and, if we can accept this diagnosis as correct, we may find in it the cause of the other ills. A quick back swing obviously does not allow the wrists time to turn properly. That its corollary is a lack of power in the down swing most of the masters agree. It is one of the most clearly established phenomena of the game that a rapid snatching up of the club robs the swing of all its efficacy; that more haste going up means less speed coming down. By the time that ladies have digested all their errors of commission on the links they may wonder how it is that they ever come to hit any sort of shot at all. Let it, therefore, be added in haste that the professionals, like other people, say very many nice things about ladies' golf, but that, being teachers, they never forget a teacher's mission in life—to pick out mistakes. Comparison is a hard taskmaster, and it is possible that the generality of ladies' golf is under-rated because the sex happens to possess one genius, Miss Joyce Wethered, who makes the others look second-class.



WHERE A SLICE TAKES YOU OUT TO SEA: MISS GRAHAME (DRIVING), AND MISS JAMIESON ON THE LINKS AT NORTH BERWICK.

The North Berwick course runs parallel with the sea, and is a particularly pretty one—it is also a links where one learns not to slice, since at the second hole, and several others, a badly cut shot will go straight out to sea.

Photograph by Balmain.

snap which one finds among all the best men players, and it well may be that failure to turn the wrists in taking the club back is the explanation, since it naturally



A FUTURE CHAMPION AT NORTH BERWICK: MASTER GEORGE DUNCAN, THE LITTLE SON OF THE FAMOUS "PRO."

This delightful snapshot of Master George Duncan, the little son of the famous golf professional, was taken at North Berwick, and shows that Master Duncan is beginning early, and has already a fine free swing.—[Photograph by G. W. Day.]

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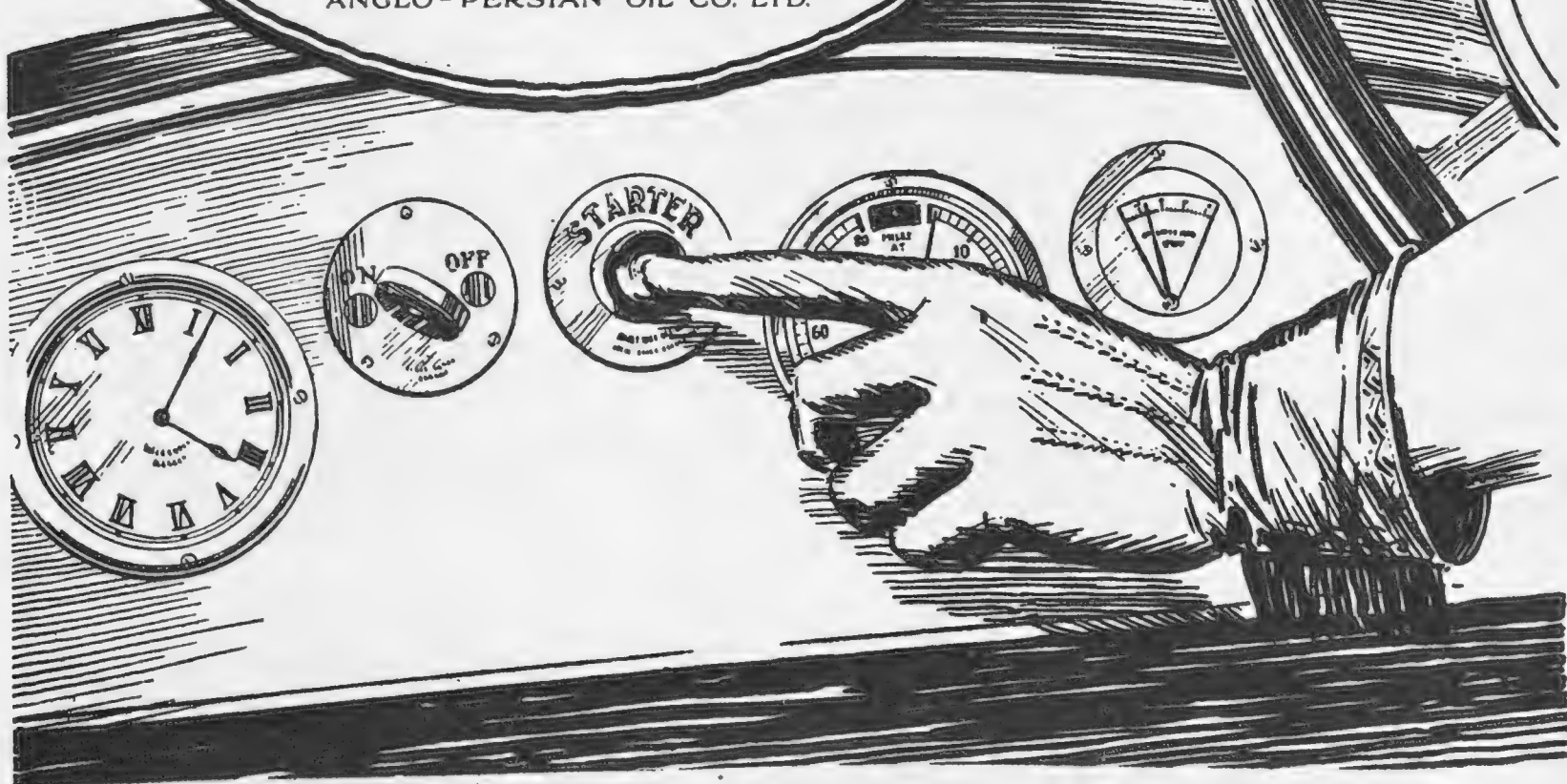
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WOMAN'S WAYS By Mabel Howard



The new graceful tunic is introduced in this creation of navy-blue stockinette embroidered in orange and green artificial silk and bordered with fur. It hails from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.

Postillion v. Apache.

Whilst most people are basking in the sun at some fashionable *plage*, or enjoying the simple life of a quiet country village, less fortunate people like myself, compelled to stay in London, are vouchsafed as a compensation sundry glimpses into the carefully guarded secrets of the coming autumn fashions. During the last few weeks the *midinettes* in Paris have been working ceaselessly behind the scenes of the famous *ateliers*, and a few finished models have escaped from their hands, ready for a formal debut at the great dress parades in September. The hats are, perhaps, the most interesting, for they show a distinct change of silhouette. I rejoice to see that the small brim still remains, but the close-fitting crown which delineated the exact shape of the head has disappeared from the newest models. Is it, perhaps, because shingled hair is at last definitely out of fashion? At any rate, the new crowns allow plenty of space for more generous coiffures. The stiff, square crown of the old postillion hats and fantastically draped "apache" crowns are the predominating features. The postillion hats are generally carried out in sleek hatter's plush or velvet, the narrow brim turning up suddenly at unexpected moments to break the

severity of the outline. On such a hat elaborate trimmings would be, of course, quite out of place, and it is usually adorned quite simply with a solitary bow of gros-grain ribbon posed lightly against the front or side of the crown; or it relies solely upon a turned-up brim faced with *moiré* ribbon in some striking colour.

Ribbon and Felt. Ribbon plays an important part in the autumn millinery. I saw one exceedingly distinctive model with the crown of vivid *ciré* ribbon and the stiff brim of



Nigger-brown crochene embroidered in orange, copper, and green makes this fascinating jumper blouse sponsored by Debenham and Freebody.

hatter's plush; while the "apache" crowns offer unlimited scope for the employment of every type of ribbon. Felt is also coming very much to the fore, not only as a medium for hats, but also as a trimming. I admired one delightful model in panne ornamented with flat flowers cut out in felt and bound with leather; while another was covered entirely with felt flowers in two nuances, each petal outlined with silver braid. For busy mornings in town or *matinées* nothing could be more appropriate than the new high-crowned black felts, severely plain

but for a frivolous bow of the same material lined with white posed airily on the crown.

Creations of Silk and Wool. It is astonishing how quickly the knitted suit has developed from a simple affair purely for sports wear into veritable *chefs-d'œuvre* which may be worn literally on every occasion. To-day one may greet the most important function, dressed in one of the new, richly embroidered knitted frocks or suits, which closely resemble some piece of wonderful Eastern embroidery. The jumper pictured on this page, for instance, of nigger-brown crochene, is embroidered in exquisite shades of copper, orange, and the new shutter-green; while the fur collar and Chinese tassels add effective finishing touches. It hails from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., in whose salons there is a wonderful array of knitted creations. The frock on the left shows the new, graceful tunic which is a feature of the autumn models. It is carried out in navy-blue stockinette embroidered with orange and green silken flowers, and is edged with light beige fur. I saw some delightful jumpers in soft alpaca wool, the front entirely hand-embroidered in soft colourings, available for 5 guineas. Coats to match are the same price; and distinctive waistcoat fronts of the same genre can be secured for 3 guineas, embroidered in any colourings to harmonise with knitted or tweed suits. The present Scottish season demands, of course, at least one knitted coat and skirt and a diversity of jumpers. There are a multitude of attractive coats and skirts in silk and wool available for 6½ guineas. They are all perfectly tailored with deep embroidered borders. Coats and skirts in wool, boasting embroidered borders of artificial silk in contrasting colours, can be secured for 4½ guineas. With these are worn neat, workmanlike jumpers of every hue in pure cashmere wool, made with wide boat necks and long sleeves. They are only 3 guineas, and can be obtained in full sizes—a fact which must not be forgotten.

[Continued overleaf.]



Two practical little woollen outfits from Debenham and Freebody. The captivating Dutch suit on the left is knitted in light-blue wool, and the frock in peacock-blue marl colourings. (See Page 388.)

Olive Hewer drew

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

For travelling and race meetings, I discovered a really ideal wrap. It is a long coat and shoulder cape of fleecy brushed wool, as light as thistledown, and beautifully warm. It is obtainable carried out in many large checks and plaids, in warm russets and soft green nuances, mingled with black, price 6½ guineas. In plain wool and unchecked, the price is only 5½ guineas. They are no inconvenience to carry on the arm, and will pack into quite a small space, if desired, owing to their suppleness.

Woollies for the Little People.

The younger members of the family are equally insistent nowadays that their outfits shall be as perfect as those of their elders, and the most exacting little personage will find cause for delight in a visit to the children's knitted wear department at Debenhams and Freebody's, whence come the two captivating affairs pictured on page 387. The little Dutch suit on the left is carried out in light-blue wool, and is obtainable for 35s. to fit a boy of three years. Then there are pure spun-silk jerseys for special occasions ranging from 41s., for a small owner aged five years. The little maiden on the right is wearing a practical woollen frock in a peacock-blue marl mixture.

It costs 32s. 9d., size 33 inches. Pretty little frocks of beech-brown wool striped in nigger and gold artificial silk can be secured for 37s. 6d., size 18 inches, complete with knickers to match. Warm brushed wool cardigans are only 15s.: really sound investments at any time of the year. With the September term not so very far away, it is well worth noting, too, that practical all-wool costumes for schoolgirls can be obtained for 45s., the skirts knitted in plain marl wool and the

The new "apache" crown appears in this alluring toque of nigger velvet embroidered in every nuance of orange. It hails from D. H. Evans.

coats in a patterned design introducing contrasting colours. Then costumes in silk and wool range from 4 guineas, and delightful square-necked jumper suits in checked designs are 67s. 6d.; 24s. 9d. secures a useful woollen jumper with a gay Fair Isle border—a practical affair which will cheerfully withstand any amount of schoolroom revelry.

New Models for the Autumn.

We have long since ceased to be astonished at any whim of fashion, but I think the new autumn millinery offers several surprises which will disconcert firm upholders of the cloche. The new postillion hat and the versatile apache crown are a distinct challenge to the close-fitting mushroom, and the becoming quartet pictured on this page prove that they are no mean rivals. They may be studied in the salons of D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, W. The square-crowned postillion shape at the top, carried out in black hatter's plush, is encircled with narrow black ribbon and vivid royal-blue piping, which passes through a mother-o'-pearl buckle in the shape of the letter "B." The second postillion hat pictured on the right is also of hatter's plush, and is decorated with an enormous *chou* of jade moiré ribbon. On the extreme left is one of the fascinating apache hats carried out in swathed nigger

velvet, an effective background to the beautifully embroidered flower at one side, revealing every nuance from the palest amber to the deepest orange. The remaining model shows the new emancipation of felt. The toque is of beech-brown panne velvet, and the brim is entirely covered with artistically cut flowers of beige felt. It must not be supposed, however, that felt appears now only as a trimming. On the contrary, there are many



Two fascinating interpretations of the autumn modes. On the left is a "postillion" hat in black hatter's plush piped with royal blue, and on the right a beech-brown velvet toque decorated with flowers of beige felt. Sketched at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, W.



The perfect tailoring of this graceful coat and skirt of cinnamon repp is ample proof that it must be placed to the credit of H. J. Nicoll and Co., 114, Regent Street, W.

For Our American Visitors.

Every one of the thousands of American visitors in London will rejoice to hear that they may obtain real American dishes in the restaurant of Dickens and Jones, Regent Street, W. And, speaking from personal experience, I advise every other nationality also to sample these delicacies, for they are frankly delicious, and to us have the added flavour of the unknown. One can begin lunch with "Chicken Gumbo Soup," which is as curiously pleasant as its name, and proceed with "Lobster Cocktail," "Dream Sandwich," or many mysterious varieties of "Sweet Corn," "Corn on Cob," etc. The "Nut Bread" which is served with the meals invests you with the feeling that, like Oliver Twist, you must always ask for more. Apart from these epicurean dishes, there are delightful little jars and packets containing "Four-Fruit Marmalade," "Salad with Thousand Islands Dressing," "Spiced Pickled Peach," and "Fruit Chutney," which may be purchased to take away. In short, everyone in search of something new should visit this restaurant without delay.

Perfect Tailoring.

Every well-groomed woman realises that cut and tailoring are the vital points which make or mar her appearance. It is essential to place oneself in the hands of qualified experts, and such undoubtedly are H. J. Nicoll and Co., of 114, Regent Street, W. To this firm must be placed the credit for the perfectly cut coat and skirt pictured on this page. The deep revers and long lines of buttons emphasise its slender lines, and the slashed sleeves add a graceful finishing touch. Expressed in cinnamon repp piped with fawn, it is christened the "Gironette." New-fur-trimmed coats for the autumn may be studied already in these salons, and many are cut with full straight backs springing from a perfectly fitting yoke, which render them suitable for town or country wear. Outfits for Scotland are immediate necessities, and there are perfectly cut coats and skirts in Saxony suitings for 9½ guineas, and Glenarran shooting tweeds for 8½ guineas.

Novelty of the Week.

Last year's coats and skirts can be transformed into fashionable new coat-frocks for the autumn under the expert hands of a dressmaker who undertakes renovations of every description at reasonable prices. She will also make up remnants and convert them into delightful blouses, lingerie, and frocks. I shall be pleased to furnish her name and address to all readers who apply to this paper.



A "postillion" hat in black hatter's plush decorated with a bold *chou* of jade moiré ribbon. It may be studied in the salons of D. H. Evans.

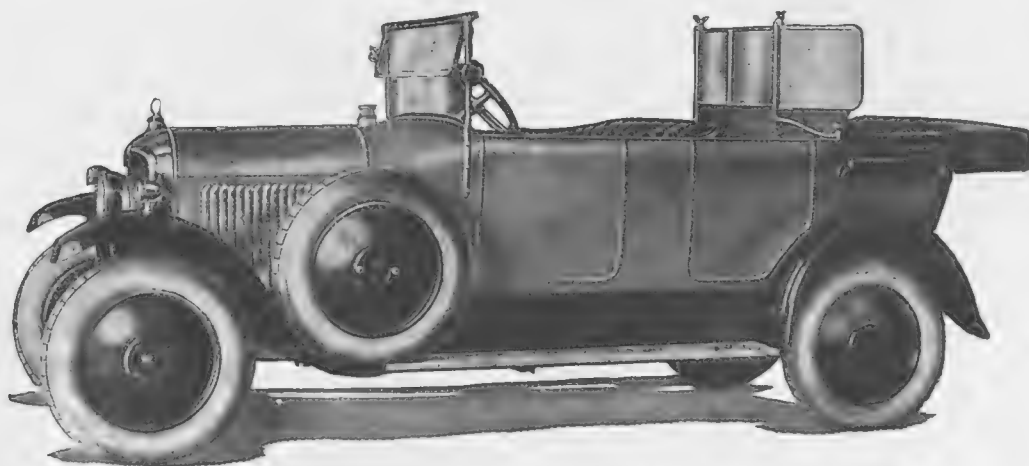
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TAN CALF wide & Bar Buckle Shoe, with 3/4 crepe rubber sole and heel, straight toe cap, punched (as sketch).

20/- per pair.



Patent Black Suede, Black Glacé Kid, Grey Suede, Beaver Glacé Kid, Brown Glacé Kid & Button Bar Shoe, L.XV. heel, smart toe (as sketch).

Per pair **20/-**



PATENT, & Bar Sandal Shoe. PATENT, & Bar Black Suede Back Sandal Shoe, L.XV. heel, Slashed Sides, smart toe.

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PATENT, BROWN GLACE KID, & Bar Button Walking Shoe, straight toe cap, Military heel, smart toe. All solid leather. Guaranteed

Per pair **20/-**



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MODEL B 105

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An English Summer is proverbially uncertain. The bright morning will as like as not turn out a drenching afternoon, or the warm breeze change to a chilling wind—so always take The Burberry and

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The Burberry is as serviceable in town as in the country; it provides a distinctive lightweight Overcoat as well as a loose, easy-fitting Weatherproof for sport and country life.

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DISTINCTIVE Overshirt (as sketch), made in heavy shot crêpe-de-Chine in attractive colourings, perfectly cut on the new long lines, buttoning down front and finished with narrow belt. 13 to 14½. In Saxe, Mauve, Beige, Champagne, Covert, Fawn.

Price
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Outside 3/- extra.

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Our Children's Outfitting Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and has a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of its productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert, and made by our own workers from high-grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

USEFUL NURSERY FROCK (as sketch) in soft quality navy wool poplin, bodice piped with tan or cherry silk braid, collar and cuffs in ivory crepe-de-Chine.

Size for 2 years	39/6
" " 3 "	42/-
" " 4 "	45/9
" " 5 "	49/6

This model can be copied to order in various warm materials.

Sent on approval.

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The "NORTHUMBERLAND."
ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest "Pull-on" Sports Hat in their absolutely waterproof and non-spottable velvet; with corded silk seams and pleated trimming. Beautifully light in weight and ideal for golf and all outdoor sports.
In all Black and a variety of 32 different colours. Price 52/6

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of Knightsbridge.



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Ideals are not always impracticable. The makers of Excelsior Shoes are putting more work into those parts that are hidden than manufacturers of cheaper shoes could possibly afford. This thoroughness ensures lasting shapeliness—long wear—and perfect comfort from the first day. A practical idea that wearers of Excelsior Shoes alone appreciate.



"A Shoe
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and a Joy
to Wear."

Excelsior

MODEL 4004.
In Beaver Calf with
self tone elastic front—
also in Grey Calf.

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Are your teeth *really* clean?

Are the backs and crevices as free from deposit as the fronts? Only then are your teeth *really* clean. The Pro-phy-lac-tic tooth brush is made specially to reach the awkward places in your mouth. It cleans the backs and sides of teeth as well as it does the fronts. Thoroughly!

Reasons? First, the shaped, serrated bristles that fit your

teeth. Second, the big end-tuft that reaches even the backs of the back teeth. Third, the curved handle that lets you get the brush *into* your mouth.

All these points are essential. All are original features of the genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic. See, then, that your tooth brush bears the facsimile name thus:

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Sold only in the **YELLOW BOX**

At all Chemists, Stores, etc.; or sent post free, on receipt of price.
Hard, medium or soft—
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"PAULA."

Useful long-line Tea Gown in rich satin marocain, with the epaulette drapery and square train, introducing the long sleeves in georgette to tone. In grey, saxe, royal, wine, rose, amethyst, green, sand, black, etc.

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for Holiday Wear
at Special Price

Smart simplicity is the note for Knitted Suits for Early Autumn Wear. The new Models in this section are particularly interesting and are made on well-tailored lines.

KNITTED WOOLLEN SUIT
(as sketch), made from good quality yarn, well-chosen range of mixture colouring. Practical well-fitting shape, suitable for sports or general wear.

SPECIAL PRICE

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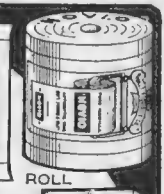
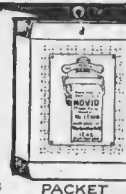
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CLARK'S Reducing Paste

To make heavy ankles slim and beautiful treat them daily with Clark's Reducing Paste. Of all Chemists, 5/6 a pot, or post free direct from

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Descriptive Booklet Free.

You, too, can be Slim and Graceful.

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Merely add these delightfully perfumed Salts to your ordinary bath—they have the power to dissolve the superfluous tissue, and to draw it away naturally through the pores. They check undue perspiration and banish all body odours. Large packets 1/3 (12 packets 13/6) of all Chemists, Stores, etc., or post free direct from

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FASHIONABLE KNITTED DRESSES For Holiday Wear

We have now in stock a wonderful variety of Knitted Dresses, which have been specially designed for the coming season. They are made on new lines, perfect fitting, attractive and becoming, and at the same time most practical and useful.

CHARMING ARTIFICIAL SILK DRESS (as sketch), with original design in the knitting, in contrasting colours, double ninon collar edged ribbon to tone and ribbon tie, long sleeve with ninon cuffs edged to match collar. In many well-chosen colours.

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An immense stock of high-grade Fur Coats, Stoles and Muffs at Summer prices. All Furs purchased now will be stored free of charge until the end of the year.

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*the essence
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The DUNSLEY Model

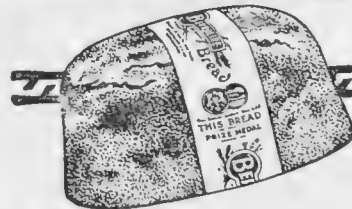
An attractive model in a fashionable shape. Made of a rich quality velour, it is trimmed with a distinctive and delightfully shaded motif in duvet, and bound with silk ribbon. In a large variety of colours, both bright and neutral.

The more exclusive milliners have a range of Jay Hats to show you. Look for the Jay picture-label inside—the sign of a genuine Jay Hat. Jay Hats are inexpensive.

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The Bread that is 100% sustaining, nourishing food, is the food to eat to-day

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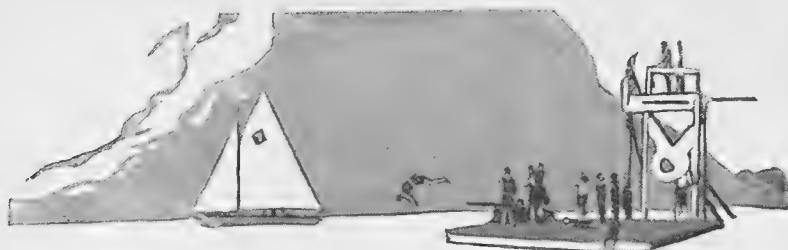
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Your baker will supply you with fresh "Bermaline" Bread daily.

"Bermaline" Bread

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*Will that one be you?
Be sure—use Forhan's*

Dental statistics tell the story. Four out of five over forty years of age—and thousands younger—are victims of Pyorrhea.

Apply the "ounce of prevention" before Nature warns with bleeding gums. Go to your dentist regularly. And brush your teeth at least twice a day with Forhan's For the Gums.

If used in time and used consistently, this safe, efficient, pleasant-tasting dentifrice will help to prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep your mouth clean and fresh, preserve your teeth and safeguard your health. Ask your dentist.

Economical to use—get it at all chemists.

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FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of
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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

BRUSH YOUR TEETH
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FORMULA OF
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Specialist in
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH

PREPARED FOR THE
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DISCOVERED AT LAST!

A PPLY Couleur de Rose to the cheeks first thing in the morning, and you will not have to worry about your complexion any more all through the day. It is perfectly natural in appearance and absolutely undetectable!

Couleur de Rose is a liquid and is suitable for every occasion. It actually improves the texture of the skin. It will never smear or rub. Rain or heat does not affect it and it is guaranteed perfectly harmless. Improve your appearance at once with

GRANVILLE'S

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Obtainable of the Army and Navy Stores (Drug Dept.), Civil Service Stores (Drug Dept.), Harrods (Drug Dept.), Heppells' Chemists (all branches), Selfridges (Perfumery Dept.) and all leading Stores, Chemists, Perfumers and Hair-Dressers, price 2/6, or 2/9 post free from

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RICH CHIFFON VELVETEEN BOUDOIR WRAPPERS

We have now in stock a large and interesting selection of Boudoir Wrappers, which are cut on becoming lines, and made from good quality materials at moderate prices.

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(as sketch), in good quality velveteen, cut on full lines, crossover shape, roll collar and sleeves trimmed with good quality grey fur, finished at waist with hand-made cabochon of own material. In black, and a few good colours.

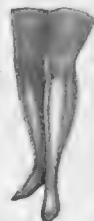
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69/6

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THREAD SILK HOSE
(as sketch), with lisle thread feet and tops, exceptional wearing quality. In black, white, silver, fawn, pongee, camel, grey, flesh, chaire, and peau.

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per pair.



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ELVERY'S (EST. 1850) hold the finest stock of really reliable Waterproofs at fixed moderate prices.

The 1924 Featherweight is Elvery's world-renowned light Silk Waterproof, in the latest vogue and new colourings, at **3 1/2 Gns.**

Envelope case included. A limited number at **59/6**

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Rainproof Wraps in real West of England Coverts. Beautiful soft shades of Greys, Lovats, Browns, etc., Self or with Faint Overchecks. Smart and stylish **79/6**

RAINCOATS in Wool Gabardines, Tailor-made. Shoulders lined. Special value. **48/6**

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And at Elephant House, Dublin and Cork
ELVERY'S Waterproofs have stood the test of years

New Girdle Reduces Waist and Hips —Often 3 Inches First Week!



THE moment you put on this new kind of girdle your waist and hips look inches thinner—and you get thin while looking thin, for this new invention produces the same results as an expert masseur. Makes fat vanish with surprising rapidity while you walk, play or work, yet does it so gently that you hardly know it is there. No more heart-straining exercises—no more disagreeable starving diets—no more harmful medicines—no more bitter self-denials.

At last! A wonderful new scientific girdle that improves your appearance immediately and reduces your waist and hips almost "while you wait!" The instant you put on the new girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waist-line lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel many years younger!

Look thin while you get thin!

Think of it—no more protruding abdomen—no more heaving, bulging hips. By means of this new invention, known as the Madame X Reducing Girdle, you can look more slender immediately! You don't have to wait until the fat is gone in order to appear slim and youthful! You actually look thin while getting thin! It ends for ever the need for stiff corsets, and gives you with comfort Fashion's straight, boyish lines!

Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has suspenders attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood, not only through these parts but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle.

You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

Many say it is fine for constipation, which is often present in people inclined to be stout.

For, besides driving away excess flesh, the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs, which are often misplaced in stout people—and this brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function normally again.

Actually Reduces Fat

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is different from anything else you've seen or tried—far different from ordinary special corsets or other reducing methods. It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slim; it actually takes off the fat, gently but surely.

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles, which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20, even 40 pounds. It is made of the most resilient rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the undergarment. Gives you the same slim appearance as a regular corset without the stiff appearance and without any discomfort.

FREE BOOKLET TELLS ALL

You can't appreciate how marvellous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just post the coupon below and learn all about this easy and pleasant way of becoming fashionably slender. Post the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price special trial offer.

THOMPSON BARLOW CO.,
INC., Dept. 408, 14, Regent St.,
London, S.W.1.

THOMPSON BARLOW CO., INC., Dept. 408
14, Regent Street. London, S.W.1

Please send me, without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle, and also details of your special reduced price offer.

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Address.....

Town.....

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Why throw it out of use!

HAVE IT
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CARPET BEATING
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HURCULACES
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**Unusually
Good Value.**

SMART HAND-KNITTED WOOL SUITS for Boys or Girls

in the following colours:—Sky,
White, Saxe, Fawn and Mauve, with
brushed wool in contrasting shades
around the collar, cuffs, edge of coat
and cap.

These suits are well shaped and firmly
knitted, and, being of the very best
wool are a real protection against
colds.

We recommend the value with every
confidence.

**The Suit
of Cap, Coat & Gaiters**

37/11



SC 195.

*We pay Carriage
within the
British Isles.*

HAVE
YOU
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ANDRE HUGO'S

Bewitching "BOBBED VICTORS"

From 63/- the pair?

These create a perfect finish
to the Coiffure and are essen-
tial for both day and evening
wear, as spreading out over
the ears and on to the cheeks
they give that charming
"Bobbed" or "Shingled"
effect so greatly admired.

An Illustrated Catalogue will
be sent under cover, post free,
to any lady favouring with a
request for same.

**180, SLOANE ST.,
LONDON.**



Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

CHARMING COATEE of Exclusive Design

Hosiery Dept.—Ground Floor.

A SMART COATEE in the
new straight shape, all-over
lace pattern, bordered plain
material, well-fitting Peter
Pan collar with hand-made
crochet insertion in con-
trasting multi-colours, finished
with attractive cork buckle to
tone with insertion. White,
black, champagne, fawn,
beige, camel, nude, mauve,
silver, grey, mole, coral,
rose, almond, apple,
white/black, or black/
white,

37/6



HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE FACE POWDER

Beautifies and improves the complexion and is practically
invisible. The perfect Face Powder. In Pink, White and Cream.
Prices from 1/1. Patronised by Royalty. Recommended by
eminent doctors.

**JOHN TAYLOR, Manufacturing Chemist,
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Beautify Your Face

In a greater or less degree, beauty is yours to possess, to achieve or to lose. Neglect may mar it, care can enhance it. Follow the lead of so many famous women who have preserved their beauty with the aid of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Beautifier, protector and refresher in one, *Pond's Vanishing Cream* should be used just after the morning toilet and occasionally throughout the day, as required. Its constant use gives the skin a delightful smoothness of texture, an attractive evenness of colour and a freedom from roughness or freckles due to wind or sunburn. Pond's is the most reliable natural aid to beauty of complexion.

Skin-cleansing is the most important of the attentions entailed in beauty preservation. Massage every night with *Pond's Cold Cream*, the emollient cream prepared specially for this purpose. The immediate results will prove

how ineffective is the ordinary toilet with soap and water alone.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

**FREE
SAMPLES.**

Pond's Extract Co., will send for 3d. in stamps a sample tube of both Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream.

**POND'S
CREAMS**

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, jars, at 1/3 and 2/6, tubes at 7 1/2d. (handbag size) and 1/- The Cold Cream also in extra large tubes, 2/6.

**FOR
MEN'S
USE**

The use of Pond's Vanishing Cream after shaving not only is delightful, but keeps the skin smooth and in perfect condition and makes the next shave easier.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 103, St. John Street, London, E.C.1.



Pond's Vanishing Cream



"The Secret of Slenderness" THE "CORSLO-JUNO"

The full-figured woman who wishes to follow the present fashion must aim at straightness as being the next best thing to actual slenderness. The new "Corslo-Juno" is ready to help her to the easy achievement of this desirable and graceful effect—and to prevent the ugly "bunched-up" look which so often results from the wear of too tight or too stiff a corset. It is made on the same principle as the already famous "Corslo," and combines bust bodice, corset and hip belt, but it is adapted to its special purpose by the introduction of extra and firmer bones in front and other bonings at the back where, moreover, it is laced instead of buttoned, so that its fitting may be more easily regulated. It can be depended upon to mould even the fullest figures into the most fashionable straightness of line, and to give all the necessary support without any feeling of compression, while its beautiful unbroken lines are a perfect foundation for the latest day, evening and dance frocks, and also for sports costumes. The "Corslo-Juno" is a revelation of comfort for the summer months at home, and for tropical wear at all times its cool lightness will be a special benefit and delight. It can be washed as easily and often as ordinary undergarments.

"LE CORSLO-JUNO" (as sketch) Hip Belt and Bust Bodice combined, made of Cotton tricot, laced at back with two sets of steels, also two short steels in centre front, removable for washing. Measurements required when ordering: Bust, waist and hips. In pink and white.

PRICE
63/-

In best quality satin ... 5/- Gns.
In best quality silk tricot ... 5/- Gns.

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Wigmore Street.
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Sent on approval.



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NEW "GLENELTA" (REGD.) HAT

In Real Austrian Velour, of a superb quality, very flexible, and rolls up without harm: trimmed with corded band and bow at side.

In the newest shades of Almond, Canard, Cedar, Gold, Beaver, Flame, Silver, Nut, Nigger, Mc'gold, Light Mole, Sand, Coral and Black.

Sizes, . . . 6 1/2, 7 and 7 1/2.

18/9

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185 SAUCHIEHALL ST., GLASGOW



All over the world British beauty is Queen

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Olva—the round tablet in the square carton

Be certain you get Olva, Price's palm and olive oil soap; the round tablet in the square carton cannot be mistaken for anything but Olva.

And beneath its appearance Olva presents still greater points of difference from other palm and olive oil soaps. Lather, fragrance, cleansing power, effect on the skin, are all so markedly superior that once you have used Olva you will never be satisfied with any other soap.

Compare Olva with any palm and olive oil soap, with any toilet soap. There is none better; there is none as good for that rose complexion which is your heritage.

Ask for OLVA—get OLVA

Olva
PALM AND OLIVE OIL
Soap

Large round tablets, each in carton, 6d
Handy family box of 12 tablets, 6/-



ATTRACTIVE & INEXPENSIVE SHIRT JUMPERS for Holiday Wear

Perfectly cut and tailored, and made from cream Eastern silk, which we can recommend with every confidence to give entire satisfaction in wear.

SMART SHIRT JUMPER (as sketch), in cream Eastern silk, well tailored, collar with coloured striped border, finished striped bow and pockets. In sizes 13 to 14½ inches.

PRICE

29/6

In size 15 inches, 2/- extra.

In good quality crêpe-de-Chine, in sizes 13 to 14½ inches ... **35/9**

In size 15, 2/- extra.

FANCY WOOLLEN HOSE (as sketch), with overcheck of artificial silk in a new attractive design. A variety of good contrasting colours

Price
7/6
per pair.



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(INCORPORATED)
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Sent on approval.

Removes Superfluous Hair
Like Magic.

VEET



Just one tube of Veet Cream and you will never again have any use for a razor or old-fashioned depilatory. They merely remove hair *above* the skin surface, whereas *Veet* melts the hair away *beneath* it. Cutting off hair with razors makes it grow faster and thicker—just as trimming a hedge stimulates its growth. This is why men's beards become so stiff, coarse and bristly. Ordinary depilatories smell abominably, irritate and are bothersome to use. *Veet* is as easy to apply as a face cream. Just spread it on as it comes from the tube, in a couple of minutes rinse it off and the hair is gone as if by magic. *Veet* is endorsed by the medical profession. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money is returned.

Veet is on sale everywhere for 3/6. Also sent post paid in plain wrapper for 4/- (Trial size by post for 6d. in stamps).

Dae Health Laboratories (Dept. 293F)
68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.

SUN CANOPIES.
"Leveson" Canopies fit all Prams whatever the make, and there are many dainty models now in stock at the John Ward shops.

Please call or write for
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JOHN WARD, Ltd.
26, KNIGHTSBRIDGE
London S.W.1.



"LEVESON"

OUR £2000 COMPETITION.—OFFICIAL ORDER OF MERIT.

TO OUR READERS.—Those of you who have been anxious to know how you stand with regard to your entries for our latest great Competition can now satisfy your minds! Though, obviously, some of you must be disappointed, we trust that that natural disappointment will be tempered by the enjoyment you must have had in testing your skill. Anyway, there it is. You've done your best, and we've done our best!

The official order, as you know, was decided upon by the Selection Committee beforehand, and was based, not only on the artistic merit of the many posters submitted to us, but on their value from the points of view of adequate representation of the qualities of *The Sketch*, originality of idea, and boldness of presentation. On those points, and on those alone, the order was determined, and it need hardly be added that the decision was a very difficult one, at which to arrive, for, as can be judged from these selected few, a great number of the drawings sent in were exceptionally good.

As to the fortunate winners of the £1000, the other money-prizes, the Morris-Oxford two-seater, and all the rest of those gifts that go to make up the £2000, we have to ask you still to exercise your patience, as there remains an enormous amount of work to do in classifying the very many thousands of entries, and checking each one of them, so that the slightest possibility of error may be removed. We can only remind you, in the words of Dekker, that "A patient man's a pattern for a king," and as for a patient woman—surely no two queens could equal her!

To give you some idea of the magnitude of our task, it will interest you to know that, amongst other places, we received entries from Algeria, Antigua, the Argentine, Ascension Island, Australia, Austria, the Azores, the Bahamas, Barbadoes, Bechuanaland, Belgium, the Belgian Congo, Bermuda, Borneo, Brazil, British Honduras, British Guiana, Bulgaria, Canada, the Cape Verde Islands, Ceylon, Chile, China, Colombia, Cuba, Czecho-Slovakia, Dahomey, Danzig, Denmark, Dominica, the Dutch Indies, Esthonia, Egypt, Eritrea (Red Sea), Finland, France, Germany, Gibraltar, the Gold Coast, Greece, Grenada, Guatemala, Holland, Hong Kong, Hungary, India, Italy, Iraq, the Ivory Coast, Jamaica, Japan, Johore, Kelantan, Kedah, Kenya, Latvia, the Leeward Islands, Liberia, Luxemburg, the Malay States, Malta, Mesopotamia, Mexico, Monte Carlo, Morocco, Mozambique, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Nigeria, New Hebrides, Nyassaland, Norway, North Borneo, Palestine, Panama (Canal Zone), Persia, Peru, the Philippine Islands, Poland, Portugal, Roumania, Rhodesia, Russia, St. Helena, St. Lucia, Siam, Sierra Leone, Somaliland, South Africa, Spain, the Straits Settlements, the Sudan, Sweden, Switzerland, Tanganyika, Trinidad and Tobago, Togo, Turkey, Uganda, Uruguay, the U.S.A., Yugo-Slavia, Venezuela, the Virgin Islands, and Zanzibar.

For the rest, we can only offer our congratulations to the, at present unknown, winners, and assure you that, as soon as they emerge from their obscurity, they will be announced in *The Sketch*.

We should like you, at the same time, to accept our warmest thanks for the very keen interest you have shown.

Yours faithfully,

BRUCE S. INGRAM (Editor).

NEVILLE CAMPBELL.

ERNEST HOPE GODDARD.

P.S.—Whatever you think of our order of merit, please remember that we cannot answer letters about it!



1.—BY D. BROADFOOT CARTER.



2.—BY HERBERT HELPS.



3.—BY STANLEY R. H. ROGERS.



4.—BY CHARLES BAIRD.



5.—BY OLIVE F. HARRIS.



6.—BY MRS. JACK STANFORD.



7.—BY ALMA FAULKNER.



8.—BY O. VERHAGEN.



9.—BY ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY



10.—BY J. W. CLAYTON.



11.—BY DOROTHY C. HUDSON.



12.—BY KENNETH G. COTMAN.

WOMAN'S WAYS. (Continued.)

A Becoming Coiffure.

The simpler the dress the more important is the coiffure, and the uncompromising straight lines of the present fashions demand a really becoming frame to the



A becoming coiffure introducing the famous Nonetta Parting transformation created by M. Nicol, 170, New Bond Street, W.

face to soften the general effect. Our own tresses, alas! are often singularly unhelpful in this respect; but everyone can attain a really perfect coiffure who seeks the aid of M. Nicol, of 170, New Bond Street, W. This

eminent authority on all matters appertaining to the hair and scalp is the creator of the Nonetta Parting transformation, of which the parting is an exact replica of Nature, and the closest scrutiny will not unveil the secret. It can be altered at will, and the hair dressed in any desired manner. Transformations range from 15 guineas, and toupets from 7 guineas; while it is well worth noting that the *Times* system of payment by instalments is available. By the way, the many shingled devotees who have decided to let their hair grow should note that M. Nicol has designed switches and curls innumerable, which successfully solve the problem of how to present a well-groomed appearance at all times, despite the unmanageable length of the tresses.

Lamplough's Pyretic Saline.

A change of air, and the unaccustomed exertions of strenuous holidays, often leave one with a feeling of general slackness, which is difficult to conquer. A counteractive influence is necessary, and a cooling glass of Lamplough's Pyretic Saline is an excellent prescription. It is a composition of potash and soda salts, effervescing and tasteless, and furnishes to the system generally those natural saline elements which are essential to a healthy and vigorous constitution.

Souvenir Spoon of the British Empire Exhibition.

The Duchess of York has accepted one of the souvenir spoons of the British Empire Exhibition. Charles Boyton and Son, 6, Newman Passage, Newman Street, W., wholesale silversmiths, have produced it in solid silver-gilt. It is entirely hand-made and modelled, and is surmounted by a figure representing Prosperity mounted on the Globe. The Prince of Wales's feathers

are prominently shown, together with the Royal crown. The wreath of honour and the Wembley lion are introduced, also three allegorical figures representing Art, Science, and Industry. Chased in the bowl is a section of the world; the back is embossed. The spoon is on view at Mappin and Webb's, of Oxford Street, W., from whom it can be obtained.

Operatic Ceilings.

Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W., are to be warmly congratulated on the really artistic little brochure they have produced illustrating the beautiful paintings which decorate the vaulted ceiling of the West Room in their new restaurant. There are richly coloured representations of scenes from many famous operas: the farewell of Elsa and Lohengrin; the great song of "Carmen," the death scene in "Faust," and many other favourites. The restaurant itself is well worth visiting on this score alone, not to speak of its manifold other advantages.



The Souvenir Spoon of the British Empire Exhibition, hand-made and modelled by C. Boyton and Son, 6, Newman Passage, Newman Street, W. It may be studied at Mappin and Webb's.

"The Perfume of the Century"



"BOND STREET"
A Perfume by Yardley

A NEW Perfume of exquisite beauty and charm—a veritable triumph of the Perfumer's Art. Created from costly flower essences and precious ottos, it is the luxury Perfume of the World.

PERFUME: 5/-, 9/6, 21/-

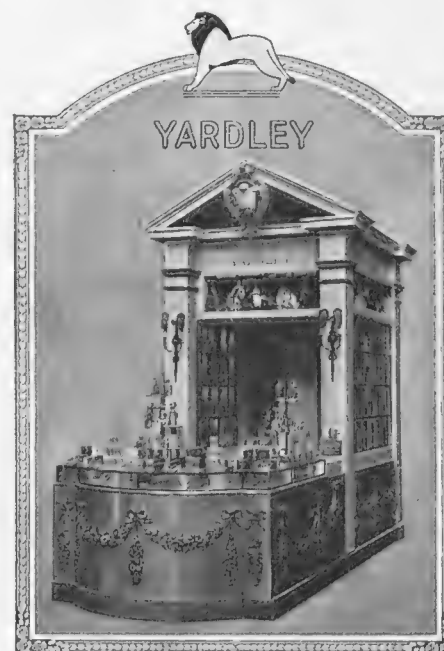
POWDER: 3/6

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Added Beauty

Even the loveliest woman can be made lovelier by the added grace of *Ciro Pearls*.

Their soft, elusive lustre, exactly the same as one finds in the real ocean pearl, harmonises with every shade of colouring in complexion or hair or dress. *Ciro Pearls* are a lifelong investment backed by our perpetual guarantee and our continuous Service

Ciro Pearls
(Pronounced "Seero")

*We will send you a necklet of *Ciro Pearls*, 16 inches long, with solid gold clasp in beautiful case for One Guinea. Wear them for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If any difference is noticeable, you may return them to us and we will refund your money in full.*

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WEMBLEY EXHIBITION (PALACE OF INDUSTRY)

A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT SLINGS.

(Continued from Page 369.)

your—your conversation, Mr. Moon, naturally I do."

"How naughty you are to-day, Miss Fair!"

Phyllis handed me a monkey-nut.

"That was very naughty of you, Mr. Moon."

"That was a squirrel," I said. "Poor Mr. Smith, I was quite disappointed!"

"I will not be engaged on Mary's premises," said Phyllis, very firmly, pursing her lips.

"How very rude!" I said, with great delight.

At this moment there was a step on the path, and Mary Banbury put her head round the corner.

"Hullo!" she said, with ill-concealed surprise. "I thought Gordon was here."

"He was," said Phyllis, looking at the ground, in a tone most lugubrious, as one who has been through a sad and shattering scene.

Mrs. Banbury gave me a long look. Such a look! Then she departed without another word.

"Was that quite nice?" I asked, after a short time.

"One up," said Phyllis, twinkling. "All the same, Mr. Moon, I believe I should have had him—only—"

"Only what, Miss Fair?"

"Only I knew you were there, Mr. Moon."

"So did Gordon," she added.

"What?" I cried. "Then the proposal was a fake?"

"Perhaps, Mr. Moon."

"I don't believe you, Phyllis."

"You're very rude, Mr. Moon."

And to this day I do not know the truth of it.

This interesting series by A. P. Herbert will be continued from week to week.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE SHAME DANCE. By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE. (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d.)

The title might lead anyone who knows the folk-lore of the fisher folk of North-Eastern Scotland to think that this book might have its scene laid there; for at fisher weddings there used to be a curious ceremony called "the shame dance." But Mr. Steele has given us a collection of stories about the South Seas, the Caribbeans, and North Africa. The title story tells how an idle fellow, Signet, a get-rich-quick-without-working skunk, proposes to run a Marquesas beauty and her alluring dance in the Broadway theatres. He gets busy and even energetic to gain possession of the woman, and does not stick even at robbery and murder. The end—not to be given away here—is really effective, and altogether the story, like its companions in the book, is picturesque and thrilling. To read these tales is to remember them.

PINK SUGAR. By O. DOUGLAS. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)

Sweet, of course, and toothsome, but never cloying, this Scottish story comes along opportunely in the height of the Scottish Season, so put it in your bag. The names alone are pleasing—Kirsty Gilmour, Mrs. Strang, Mr. and Mrs. McCandlish, the Duff-Whalleys, and melancholy Colonel Home. Here are delightful children—keep your eye on Bad Bill—and pictures of village life that are not Kail-yairdy. Some people south of the Border may be surprised to learn from Miss Douglas that Scots folk are neither impossibly dour nor of a saccharine pietism. In your Scottish travels this autumn, make a point of visiting Muirburn, to which Miss Douglas (who is Mr. John

Buchan's sister) provides you with a first-class ticket. She herself would suggest a sleeper, but there's nothing soporific about this fresh-air story. The characters are such a welcome relief from the wicked and adulterous generation that infests modern fiction.

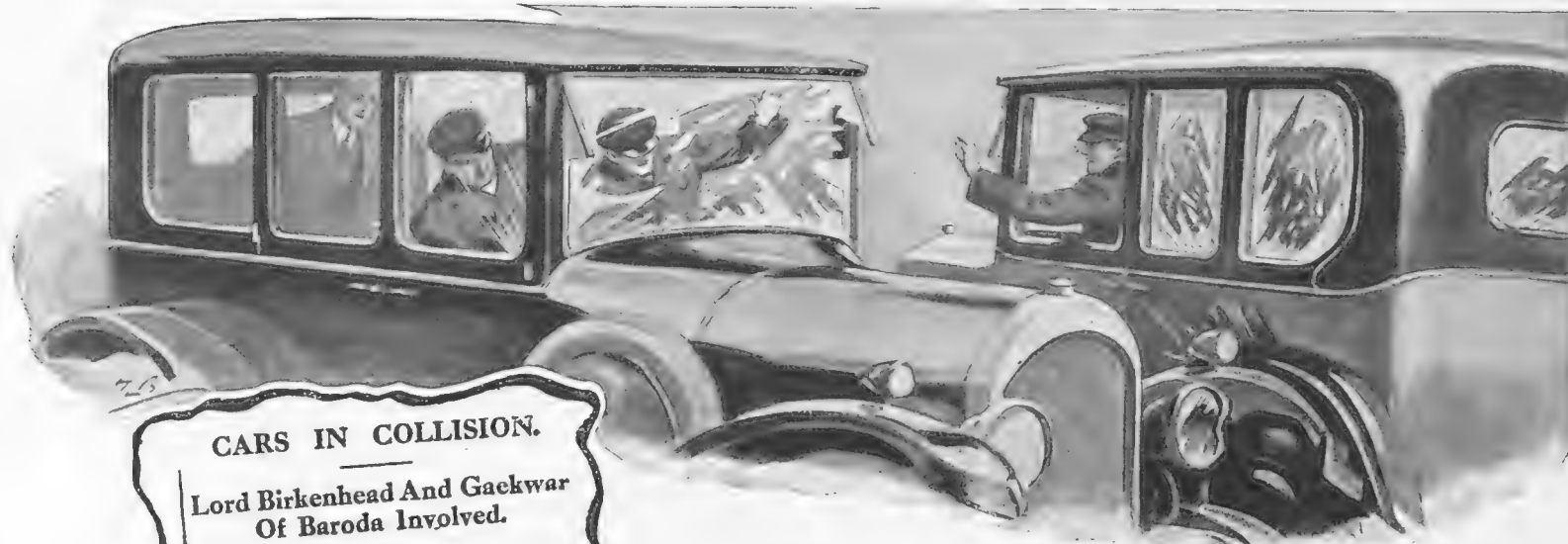
A TASTE OF HONEY. By ERIC MASCHWITZ. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)

At Varvasch, in South-Eastern Europe, Gerda and Elspeth work out their drama of passion. Both girls had the misfortune to fall in love with the same man, Jerrold Freyne, a writer, and a writer of novels at that. Jerrold, already betrothed to Elspeth, is the type that would be faithful, and could not understand Gerda's relentless passion, for she knows no restraint and recognises no bonds of convention. The situation, although simple enough, gives the author a chance, which he takes admirably, for a study in contrasts—contrast of character, of motive, and of action. He gets at the very heart of his *dramatis personæ* and makes a moving story. Freyne would fain observe the obligations of honour, but he is hard put to it by the overwhelming and persistent seductions of Gerda. Yet Mr. Maschwitz contrives to keep his people sympathetic. He never overdraws. A remarkable novel, and one well worth reading.

THE NATURAL MAN. By PATRICK MILLER. (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.)

The war is still with us, and the war-novel. But the fiction of the bad four years is taking a new shape, as the conflict falls into truer perspective. Here is one of the most original, perhaps the most original, war-story yet written. Mr. Miller has given us a study of the fighting-man's mind from quite a fresh angle. For Peter Blaven, a gunner-lieutenant, saw war as a

[Continued overleaf.]



CARS IN COLLISION.

Lord Birkenhead And Gaekwar Of Baroda Involved.

Lord Birkenhead and the Gaekwar of Baroda were involved in a motor accident in High-street, Watford.

Owing to a skid, their cars came into collision with considerable force. Both vehicles were damaged.

Lord Birkenhead received a slight cut on the hand from broken glass, and his footman was cut about the face. The chauffeur escaped injury.

The Gaekwar was not hurt, but a lady who was with him received slight cuts on the face.

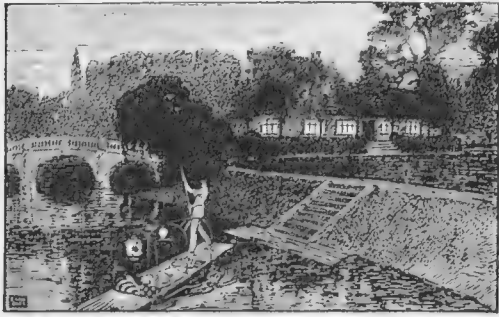
In such common accidents as the one illustrated, the worst personal injuries are always those caused by fragments of splintered glass.

If your car is fitted with *Triplex* all risk from broken glass is eliminated, because *Triplex* cannot splinter or fly under any circumstances.

Extract from
The Star,
13 June, 1924
No. 250

Get Triplex and be Safe

THE TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS COMPANY, LTD., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.



For Your Country Cottage

or riverside bungalow an independent lighting installation is in these days a necessity. Let us advise you as to your own particular case—and give you the following information as an instalment: Electric lighting is the most expensive to instal but the most convenient; acetylene is inexpensive in both first and running costs and provides the best quality of light; petrol-gas has the advantage of being perhaps the best cooking medium. We supply all three. May we send you full particulars? Write to Dept. 34.

A-L "Imperial" Installations
(Electric, Acetylene, and Petrol-Gas).

Allen-Liversidge, Ltd.,

123 Victoria Street

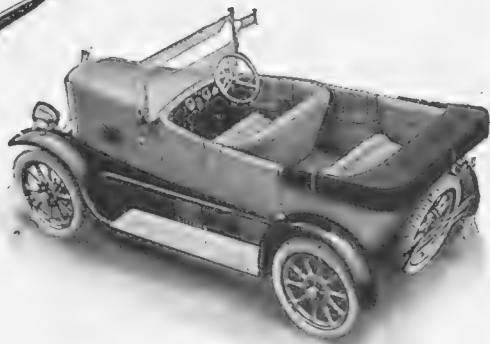
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British de-Luxe
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ance at Reduced
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NEW REDUCED PRICES:

5-Seater de-Luxe Tourer	-	-	£285
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Grouse Shooting

1924



The best cartridges
to use are —————



manufactured by
ELEY & KYNOCH
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL
GUNMAKERS & DEALERS



Continued.

vocation in itself. He was greedy of danger, and envied the infantry their more perilous job. He stood apart from the mentality of his comrades. Their recreations and their keenness for leave seemed to him foolishness. He is the negation of the natural man, but in Mr. Miller's skilful portrait, Blaven does not seem impossible. This powerful and unusual study is certain to make a hit, and the author deserves the heartiest congratulations for having set old things in a new and even startling light.

FIRST IN THE FIELD.

By NAT GOULD. (Long; 7s. 6d.)

This is a posthumous novel by the well-known writer of sporting stories. It is quite in his familiar style of racy and exciting incident, and presents the usual Nat Gould picture of the Turf in all its aspects. Shady doings are inevitable, and the hero, Stainer, is a crook. But he is a crook with a straight twist, if such a paradox is permissible. He would like to deal honestly, but his past always keeps turning up and knocking him aside from virtue. Good influences, Stainer's niece, and a detective, do their best to help him out of the mess he has made of his life, and the story goes with a swing. That Nat Gould still

keeps his popularity with [his big public is proved not only by the favour shown to the new works now issued, but by the demand for his publishers' series of reprints.

fooling comes under the head of light reading. And as it contains one or two (burlesque) short stories, it may quite well be considered as fiction. Mr. Leacock, that grave professor, tills his garden of folly with a light hand but a serious purpose, which never interferes with the reader's amusement. The author is out to make game of those precious little booklets which, professing to teach "efficiency," "hundred-per-centness," "salesmanship," memory, and hygiene in so many lessons, would enable us to reach Utopia—all by a turn of the wrist. The chapter on "The Secrets of Success" leaves you in no mystery as to the way to succeed. You are further convinced by "The Remarkable Case of Edward Beanhead," whose career recalls that ancient and honourable yarn of "The Little Boy Who Picked up Pins," and did the job so well that he "married the bankman's daughter and got half the profits and all the capital." Mr.

Leacock has brought that old story up to date. He is a master of current tags and catch-phrases, and may claim to have scored a laugh, if not two or three, on every page. The best of these skits is "Tom Lachford, Promoter," a sweet tale of a swindle.



AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW DRAPERS' SCHOOL, AT ADDINGTON, SURREY: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND OTHER NOTABLE PEOPLE PRESENT.

Our photograph shows, from left to right (front row)—Sir Sydney and Lady Skinner, the Hon. Geoffrey Hope-Morley, Lady Cook, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Hon. Mrs. Hope-Morley, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Herbert Cook, Bt., Mrs. Debenham, Mr. E. R. Debenham; (second row)—Mr. John Hinds, J.P., Mr. and Mrs. Allen Brown, Mrs. Bourne, Mr. Howard Hollingsworth, C.B.E., Miss Relph, Mr. Harry Relph, Rev. S. G. Hooper, Mrs. Tomalin, Mrs. Bentall, Mr. H. F. Tomalin, Mr. Leonard Bentall. This school is the one for which Sir Sydney Skinner is trying to raise £100,000 this year.

Even critical readers find a Nat Gould pleasant relaxation from more serious fiction.

THE GARDEN OF FOLLY. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. (The Bodley Head; 5s.)

Although not a novel in the strict sense of the word, this latest piece of Mr. Leacock's



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Always admired but
NEVER detected



"LA NATURELLE"
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"LA NATURELLE" TRANSFORMATIONS

will give you the comfortable assurance of appearing always at your best. They retain their natural wave under all conditions, and may be arranged in different styles, with or without a perfectly natural-looking parting at either side or in the centre, ensuring a coiffure of individuality.

Whatever your age, if you are not satisfied with the appearance of your hair, consult Mons Georges whose expert knowledge is at your service. If unable to call, send for new Catalogue de Luxe with details of "Times" system of payment by instalments.

Specimens may be had on approval for inspection.

FULL TRANSFORMATION from £12-12-0
SEMI TRANSFORMATION from £5-5-0



Excessive perspiration can be overcome—harmlessly and easily

Women can now have relief from both perspiration moisture and odour—harmlessly and easily.

Excessive perspiration is due to local irregularities of the sweat glands. The underarm perspiration glands are very sensitive and easily stimulated to unusual activity by excitement, heat or nervousness. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make normal evaporation impossible.

Odorono is a clear, antiseptic toilet water which counteracts excessive local perspiration without affecting the natural healthful perspiration of the rest of the body. Two applications a week keep your underarms always dry and immaculate.

You simply pat Odorono on to the underarm with a piece of soft cloth or cotton wool, or with the tips of the fingers. Obtainable at all high-class chemists' and

You simply pat Odorono on to the underarm with a piece of cotton wool or with the tips of the fingers.



Fastidious women everywhere are using Odorono to keep themselves always immaculate.

departmental stores—1/6, 2/9, and 5/-.

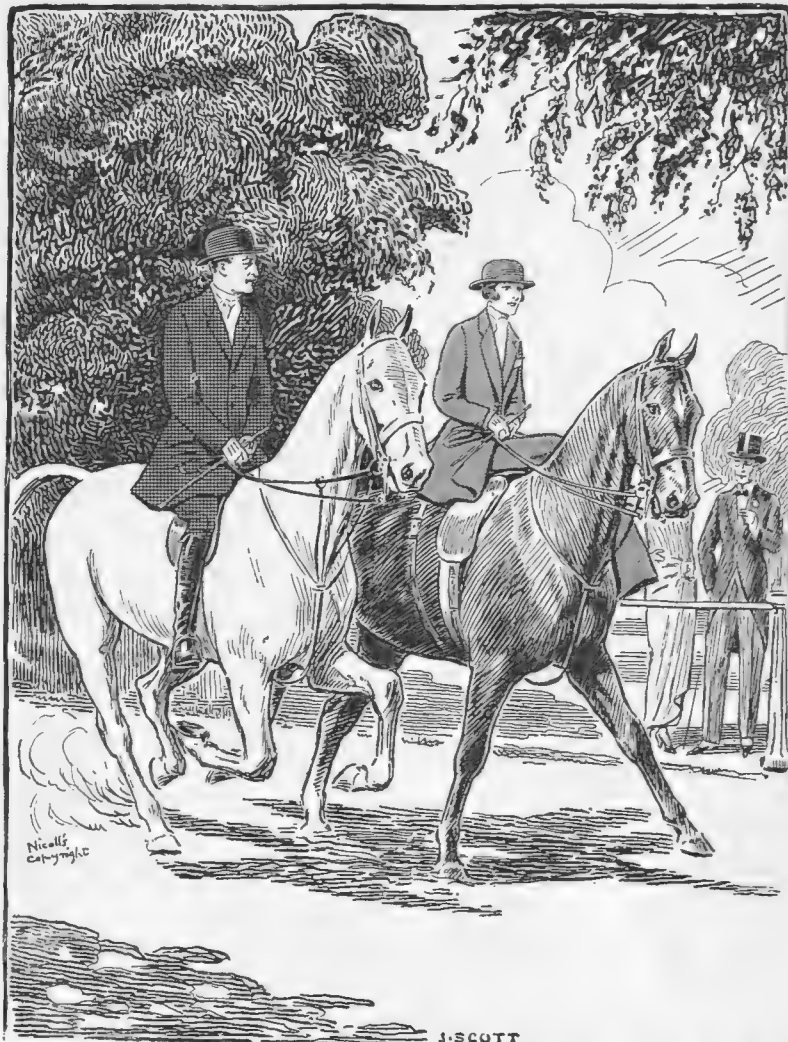
Send to-day for free booklet: "The scientific way to prevent perspiration odour and moisture," which tells you more about the relief of perspiration. Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

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For excessive perspiration

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"Famous as makers of Ladies' Habits and Men's Riding Suits for more than a hundred years."



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Nicoll Habits and Riding Suits, cut and tailored by experts with long years of constant experience, are, in appearance and service, the most desirable dress for either hacking or hunting.

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PERFECT-FITTING RIDING DRESS

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LADIES' TOM THUMB UMBRELLAS. SEAT STICKS.



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| No. 5607. | Lady's "Tom Thumb" Umbrella (total length 26 in.), braided silk handle and ferrule end in two colours (black and red, blue and green, or brown and yellow), white, brown, or black tips, with black, blue, or brown silk cover ... | £4 4 0 |
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BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—LXII.

SLANG WORDS AT BRIDGE.

I DON'T think "slang" is the right word. I mean certain expressions and colloquialisms—and these jar horribly. It may be absurd; my ideas, indeed, may be looked upon as akin to snobbery; but even to hear the knave called the jack makes me squirm. Why "jack"? Certainly the dictionaries give, under "jack," the knave of cards, so I suppose the word in this sense must be accepted as perfectly good English; none the less, to me it is a vulgarism, and I see no more reason for "Jack" than for "Ambrose," or "Alphonse." I am sure the knave was never called the jack in the days of whist; the French *valet* is a pleasant-sounding word, and we might do worse, than adopt this word and cut out both knave and jack.

Although I hate this jack, I have no objection to the king being called a "monarch," or the queen a "ladybird." My partner, without offending, may put his cards on the table and say he has a "lady-like hand," because it contains so many queens; but if my partner under corresponding conditions were to tell me he had a "jacky" hand, I could shy my cards at his head.

Still more offensive—to my ear—is the player who tells you he held the ace *five times* in spades. This is the more offensive because I don't know what it means. Is it that he held the ace and five other (times) spades (six in all), or that he held five spades, the ace being one of the *times*? Anyhow, what the word "times" is doing here at all is beyond me. I often wonder how it has crept into card-players' vocabulary. The

simple way to speak of this holding is "so many spades to the ace," which in ordinary language explains the position.

Still crescendo in this abuse of language, we next get that appalling expression, to "come" a suit. This means to lead a suit, and why the player cannot say so I fail to see. To "come" a suit no doubt is short for to "come on with" the suit. This might express player's meaning when once the suit has been led, and he hoped you would *come on* with the same suit instead of leading some other. But to suggest that at trick three your partner should have *come on with* a fresh suit, say spades, is senseless; and to abbreviate this to *come* a spade at trick three is not only senseless, but also offending to the ear. We "play" a card, we "lead" a card, we "open" a suit—but we never "come" a card or a suit. There is no excuse for this horrible "come"—even as an abbreviation of "come on with"; it is no simpler or shorter than "lead," "play," or "open."

Finally, in this connection, I dislike the use of "card" for "hand." You will hear a person say that he, or she, had the most wonderful *card*, or a wretched *card*; meaning a wonderful or wretched *hand*. "Hand" means hand of cards—thirteen at bridge; and to refer to these thirteen as a "card" is silly. "Holding," being an Americanism, is really the most expressive word; but "hand" is quite good enough for most people.

SOLUTION TO BRIDGE PROBLEM No. 23.

The score is one game all. AB, 10; YZ, 0.

A deals, and bids one heart; Y, two diamonds; B and Z pass. A bids two hearts, and all pass.

The first five tricks were—

	Y	B	Z	A
Trick 1.	K of D.	2 of D.	9 of D.	3 of D.
Trick 2.	A of D.	4 of D.	Kn of D.	Q of D.
Trick 3.	8 of C.	9 of C.	Kn of C.	K of C.
Trick 4.	2 of H.	5 of H.	3 of H.	K of H.
Trick 5.	Q of H.	6 of H.	7 of H.	A of H.

How should A play now, and what are his chances of winning game? The card italicised wins the trick. A (declarer's) and B (dummy's) hands were—

SPADES—K, 2. CLUBS—A, 10, 9, 2.
HEARTS—8, 6, 5. DIAMONDS—10, 8, 4, 2.

B (Dummy)
Y A (Declarer) Z

SPADES—8, 7, 5, 4, 3. CLUBS—K.
HEARTS—A, K, Kn, 10, 4. DIAMONDS—Q, 3

A must win the game here, no matter how the adverse cards lie. His difficulty, of course, is to get dummy in, and this he can do for a certainty by giving away a trick. Z, luckily for A, remains with one trump, and that is higher than the four. A must lead this four, and allow Z to win an apparently unnecessary trick; then, whatever is led, AB can only lose one more trick—the ace of spades. I have had only one correct solution to this hand—from V. Usmar. Other solvers were in favour of extracting Z's last trump, and trying to enter dummy with the king of spades. That play would come out successfully provided the ace of spades lies with Y; but if (and it is an even chance) it lies with Z, then A must lose three more tricks, and does not go game.

I referred to this hand in last week's article dealing with the lead of a card for partner to ruff although he will be over-ruffed. Here, at trick three, Y should have led on diamonds, when A could not possibly have won the game.



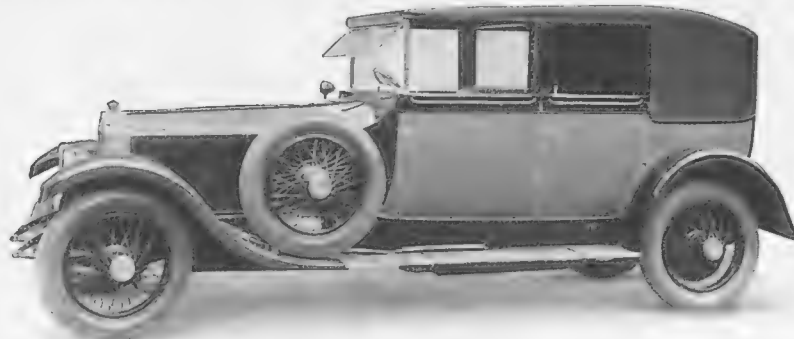
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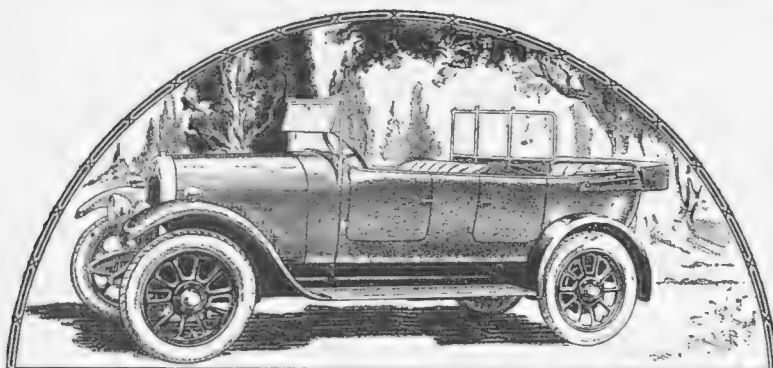
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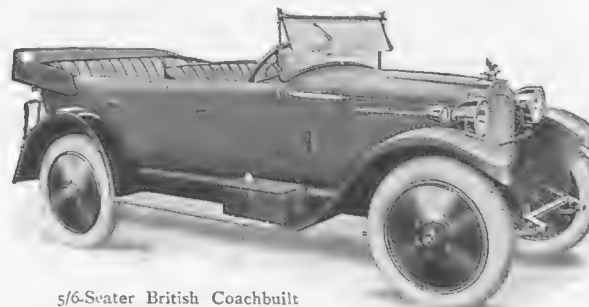
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A POSTSCRIPT BY MARIEGOLD.

THERE is quite an interesting show of *pochades* by leading artists now on at the Beau: Arts—the first exhibition of its kind to be held in London—in that delightful little gallery which is to be found in Bruton Place, a backwater of Bruton Street—and a good many well-known people, such as Mrs. Asquith and other members of the Intelligentsia, have, I hear, found time to look in when passing through town this week. For the benefit of those who don't know what a *pochade* may be, or are inclined to confuse the word with the pochard, or diving bird, one must explain that the term is used for an artist's first sketch of a subject from nature. *Pochades* are not usually seen by the general public, although the "first fine careless rapture" often produces a work of great charm and sincerity; moreover, it is usually a small drawing or painting suitable to the reduced size of dwelling which most of us possess nowadays.

The Beaux Art show contains some most covetable sketches, including the highly entertaining Orpen entitled "The Old Circus," which was, I believe, painted before 1900, and shows Augustus John, Orpen himself, and Albert Rothenstein (now Rutherford) in their Slade School days, chatting together, with the Piccadilly Circus fountain in the background. It is very entertaining, and hangs in the studio with Orpen's enchanting out-of-doors oil, "On the Edge of the Cliff," which pictures a fat, contented-looking little girl basking in a real English summer sun. The early John drawings are very fine examples of his mastery of line, and there is a vivid Gerald Moira of bathers which I liked enormously.

In spite of the rush abroad and the migration to Scotland, Society folk have not neglected the English watering-places, and I hear that the Duke of Devonshire has been taking a cure at Buxton, which is close to his home. Llandrindod Wells, too, has

drawn a good number of visitors to drink its waters and enjoy a game of golf on its very up-and-down golf course, where there are a number of entertaining "blind" holes—not the best form of golf, perhaps, but very amusing, I always think. Sir Joseph and Lady Tichborne went there last week, with their small son Tony; and Lady Hawtrey is expected there also. The English seaside resorts have drawn a good many visitors too, and I hear that Sir John and the Hon. Lady Salmond, and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Godfrey and Lady Salmond have taken Horseshoe Hall jointly for a few months, so as to enjoy both the golf and the sea air. Lord Gough and his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Sturdy, have been at Hove, where Lady Bradford and Sir Delves Broughton have also been staying. Frinton, too, has drawn its usual crowd of visitors, who have included Lord and Lady Terrington, and Miss Gladys Cooper—who managed to get away from town to see her son play lawn-tennis—and many others.

MARIEGOLD.

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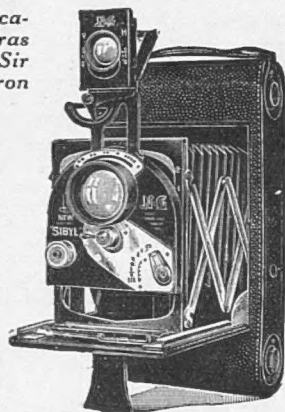


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"ANYTHING in it, Jack?"

The Midshipman was staring hard at the water, into which his cigarette-case had just slipped.

"No—er—I mean there's nothing of any importance."

"Jack dear, didn't I see you put in a ten-shilling note with the cigarettes?"

"Mother dear, don't you think that tact is a good thing when there are fathers about? You could easily have given me another ten bob when father didn't happen to be here."

"Never mind," said The Merchant indulgently. "Father will soon make it up in one of his famous speculations."

The unhappy victim grunted that all would be well if it were not for the trifling fact that everything he was a bear of went up, and what he bought went down.

"You shouldn't speculate," said his wife severely. "And pass me the mop, please."

"I'll wash up," volunteered Sweet Five-and-Twenty. "I'd love to splash one of those cheeky swans."

"They're rather sweet," said The Mother. "They look so placid. They don't speculate."

Her husband admitted that he was writhing in his buckskins. "I'll cut my bear of Shells and buy some West Springs," he promised. "Hullo! here comes a punter."

The latter brought his craft adroitly alongside, and tied up.

"How are you all?" he cried. "Allow me to introduce you. My friend Aphrodite"—she suddenly sat up in the punt—"my other friends," and he waved a com-

prehensive arm towards the gig. "Now you're all friends."

The ladies plunged at once into the conventional criticisms of the occupants in the passing boats.

"That would be all very well if she were ten years younger—"

"Debenham's sale; I saw a pile of them on the counter one day—"

"Carrying it rather too far, don't you think, dear—"

Everyone knows the ordinary kind of conversation on the river. The men were talking shop.

"Can't one of you tell me how to make a ten-pound note?" demanded Sweet Five-and-Twenty. "Mind that boat-hook, Jack. These stockings are not artificial silk."

"So I see," said The Midshipman, uncorking more and ever more ginger-beer. "You girls ought to buy War Savings Certificates, same as we do on board."

His Father lifted an astonished eyebrow, but said nothing.

"My husband never makes me even a fiver," his wife observed. "I am not moaning—only stating facts."

The Merchant came gallantly to the rescue by upsetting all the greengages. The Midshipman found his form rapidly. "Good for the spots," was his justification in reply to "Oh, Jack dear—!"

"This sort of life makes one want to buy Railway stocks, because it suggests holidays, and bumper traffics," said The Merchant, material as ever.

The Punter replied that these might be all right for people who didn't mind locking up their money and waiting until Christmas for a profit. "That allows time for the next

strike to get over," he added with laboured satire.

"If you don't mind waiting," observed The Father, "you can buy Tea shares for an almost certain profit. I mean the good ones, of course."

"Why not Nitrates?"

"They're more sluggish than that pond over there"—and he lazily tossed a twig in its direction.

"As a gamble, there's nothing to beat Germans."

"The British did," said The Midshipman.

"You've got ten German Threes in my strong-box, my son."

"Have I? Good egg! What are they worth?"

"Half what they'll be by-and-by."

"Wouldn't it pay to sell German Threes and to buy Prussians?"

"That's what has been in my own mind. There is a decent profit—"

"On my Germans, father? Again, *bon œuf*! Can I have a fiver on account?"

"You waste quite enough money as it is," said his Mother firmly.

"Never mind, Mum. You get that fiver for me, and I'll take you to one of the West End shops and buy you some of the most crash undies that you ever saw in *The Sketch*."

"Jack dear, you overstep the— There! what did I tell you?"

They hauled him out; he wrung the water from his trousers as well as he could.

"It's jolly lucky," he remarked, "that I wasn't wearing my snappy suspenders, or those colours might have run. Cheer up, Mum. Your turn to fall in next!"

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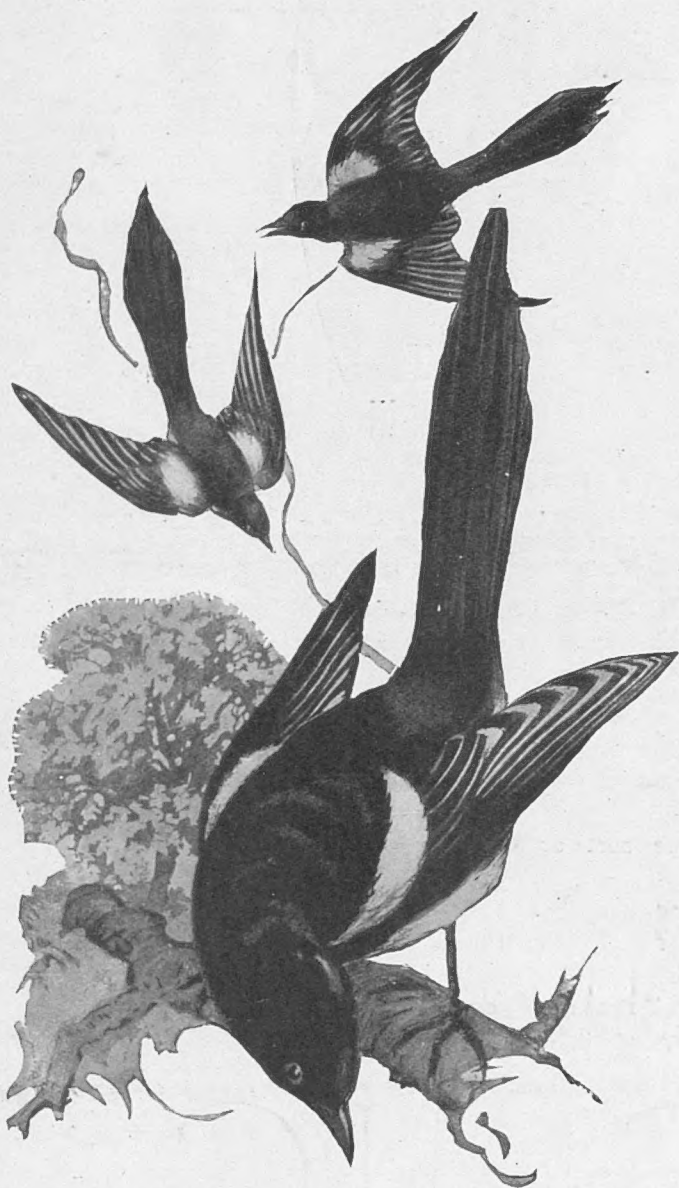
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